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A Race of Supermen Who Perished 20,000 Years Ago?

Evidence Which Suggests There Was a Powerful and Highly Civilized People Who Understood Secrets of Nature and Science Which Were Only Recently Rediscovered by Modern Man—Where They Lived—What Destroyed Them



At the Time of the "Great Terror" of History, Which Are Discussed in This Article, a Rock Like the One Shown Here, Based on an Actual Photograph, Spread Terror Over a Whole Province, and Even Made Many People Die of Fear, Because, When Seen in the Moonlight, It Appeared to Have the Form of a Devouring Monster.

By Prof. Rene Thevenin,
The Distinguished French Scientist.
CHAPTER III.

(Continued from Last Sunday)

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ALREADY we have explained that having gone back as far as history takes us, we find man entering from the mists of the prehistoric past astonishingly well equipped with a general knowledge and understanding of the world.

Far from being an ignoramus, the earliest human being of which we have historic records possessed more information and less misinformation about natural science than did our ancestors of only a few centuries ago. Evidently, in prehistoric times, the human brain blossomed out to its greatest efficiency, supplying humanity with a light of knowledge that was about all it ever had until, in modern times, modern science took up the work of research in its methodical and orderly way.

Who were these prehistoric scientists of the bronze or more likely the stone age? How was it that cave men, painting on the walls of their caves, showed constellations and put in stars that cannot be seen without a telescope?

In the last chapter we had marched backward in our search for the source of this light as far as the Middle Ages and found that while moderns have the light of modern science and the Greeks and Romans had plenty of light from the prehistoric past, in the dreadful dark ages between the human race went almost blind. At that point we will start again. We are still at the point on our journey into the past where the darkness of the Middle Ages obscures everything. It is necessary to find out what was the cause of this age of darkness and to discover, if possible, where the scientific truth known to previous ages was concealed.

The period of the Middle Ages is generally understood as lasting from the fall of the Roman Empire to the Renaissance—that is to say, from the fourth to the fifteenth century—in other words, from the end of classic civilization to the beginning of modern civilization. The first part of this period is characterized by an enormous upheaval of human nature which has considerable resemblance to the physical upheavals which, in the distant geological past, changed the appearance of the globe and of which we shall speak later.

Very much like the lava of volcanoes, or the tidal waves of overflowing seas, the barbarians rushed upon the civilized world which still possessed much of the wisdom of antiquity, and overwhelmed it with their hordes. They sprang out from everywhere, many of them coming like waves from the impenetrable Hesperian forests, or spreading in devastating swarms like the locusts of oriental deserts, or rising up like phantoms from the Scandinavian mists. They kept on coming in such numbers that they crushed one another in their rush towards civilized lands, but always there were more herds in the depths of mysterious Asia. As soon as new civilizations began to form new barbarians crushed them. It is impossible for a modern person, surrounded by the protection of modern civilization and shielded by modern knowledge from dread of the supernatural, to imagine the terror the misery of degraded humanity after the Roman Empire collapsed.

The Strange Forms Sometimes Taken by Clouds, as Shown in This Photograph, Explain Many Superstitious Beliefs Which Have Been Amplified by the Simple-Minded People Who Saw Them.

The poor wretches knew that under Greek and Roman civilizations the world had been a clean and orderly place. There remained the great Roman roads, the ruins of the mighty private and public buildings, the bridges and statuary, and there was tradition of the great knowledge of the ancients. But what good had all this been, because, in spite of it, the barbarian hordes had been able to destroy everything? What was the use of anything?

In their dirt, squalor and ignorance, life was short and hardly worth living. Nobody doubted that the end of the world was at hand, certain to come in the year 1000 unless it happened before. Fear became everyone's dominating thought. It could and did stampede nations then just as it does a herd of cattle now, or a small herd of human beings today when someone shouts "Fire!" at a theatre.

It must be remembered that these terrifying torrents of races at the beginning of the Middle Ages were provoked by material external causes, in the same way as a cyclone or a tidal wave. When the storm had passed, it was certainly a physical cause which threw over the Western world that veil of darkness of which we are seeking to know the nature, and which fell very much like a cloud of ashes after the explosion of a volcano. This pall of darkness was due to fear.

What has been called "The Terror of the Year 1000" is not a solitary occurrence in history. A similar upheaval disturbed the antique pagan world at the advent of Christianity, when many of the people living upon the Aegean Sea heard mysterious voices calling "Great Pan is dead," which did not mean to them merely that the old pagan gods were going to disappear, but that all nature would disappear with them.

The idea is expressed with the greatest clearness in the earliest Christian chronicles. On almost every page the writers speak of the approaching end of the world, the end of life. By some people this end was awaited with hope, for it was to them only the beginning of eternal life. But most of the others, who were still attached to earthly pleasures, were filled with terror.

A similar epidemic of terror, which has been studied more scientifically because it is much nearer to our time, was the "Great Fear" which passed over Western Europe just before the French Revolution. The march of this fear can be followed like that of an army or like the course of a meteor.

It arose in the southeast of Europe at the beginning of 1789, entered France in the province of Auvergne,

passed through the provinces of Le Bourbonnais, Le Limousin and Le Forez. Its manifestations were the same—among a quiet population which up to that time had never known anything like this and which nothing threatened, a mysterious warning began to circulate, coming from nobody knows where, that an army of brigands was advancing on them, murdering, burning and destroying.

Immediately the alarm was spread in all directions. All the men took up arms and the women hid themselves, carrying their children and their household goods. Two or three days were passed in the most complete terror. Then it was perceived that no enemy was approaching and that there was no cause for this fright. Everything then began to calm again. But immediately the same scenes began to happen in the next province.

During the night of July 17 the same contagion broke out in Paris. The alarm bell rang in sixty parishes. Citizens hid themselves in cellars. The militia was called to arms and advanced out of the city—volleys of musketry were soon heard. Cavalry charged to the spot, but it was found that somebody had been shooting a rabbit and that no enemy was present.

In many parts of the country this strange disease produced deaths from stoppage of the heart and the effects of terror. The most trifling cause brought on an outbreak of the terror, such as a shadow or the outline of a rock of strange form standing out at night against a moonlit sky.

"It was sufficient," says the great writer, Hippolyte Taine, "if a girl, returning to her village in the evening, met two men who did not belong to the neighborhood; immediately whole parishes fled to the woods, abandoning their houses and carrying away their belongings."

The epidemic spread in one direction to Normandy and Brittany, and in a different direction to Dauphine, then to Alsace, and after that to Germany. Then suddenly on August 5, 1789, it disappeared without any more discoverable reason than there was for its appearance.

These strange attacks of collective madness are proved to be diseases, because animals may be attacked by them. Such attacks must have been numerous in antiquity. St. Augustine mentions one in his great work, "The City of God."

A short time before the insurrection of Latium against Rome, all the domestic animals, dogs, horses, donkeys, bullocks, etc., became suddenly as if crazy,

In Ages of Excessive Credulity, Provoked by Fear, the Most Ordinary Objects Were Thought to Have Supernatural Powers. The Rocks and Branches of the Plant Called the Mandragora, Which Sometimes Takes a Vague Human Shape, Were in the Middle Ages Believed to Have an Extraordinary Power of Evil.

broke loose and fled. They no longer recognized their masters and became furious at the approach of the latter. Men who pursued them were in danger of death and injury."

We shall speak again of the extraordinary forms which certain of these panics assumed, but for the moment we will return to the outbreak of the year 1000 from which all Western Europe suffered. This attack showed itself in a very special form. It was essentially a passive fear, that it is to say, its victims instead of trying to escape, resigned themselves to it and did not try to struggle in any way, and awaited the end of the world from which, as they believed, it was impossible to escape.

A single refuge remained open to those who had been deserted by earthly life—the hope of life eternal. All the civilized West turned to religious devotion and then very soon to an exalted mysticism, which raised their souls above the earth and carried them away from reality. All the efforts of those who were capable of thinking and who ruled the masses were directed to consoling those unfortunates, to whom earthly existence had only brought suffering, by the promise of a better existence which would have no end. From this was born a movement of wonderful force, which caused the incomparable light of super-human spirituality to flash from the black, hopeless night of that period.

After six centuries of misery and horror came the expansion of the three glorious centuries of the Middle Ages—the 11th, 12th and 13th—one of the greatest periods of art and faith in the history of humanity, accompanied by the building of marvellous cathedrals rivaling the greatest masterpieces of all time and all countries.

But if this magnificent development carried the mind of man to heights which he has not often attained in his history, it made him neglect not only the material details of life, but even inspired in him a profound hatred of them. Through a hatred of pagan antiquity and its gods, which were only the symbol of natural forces, nature came to be considered by the highest type of medieval man as the work of those devils and everything connected with it was detestable. The Middle Ages abhorred nature. The notion of those times condemned it entirely.

All those who timidly tried to learn some of the secrets of nature were suspected of heresy. Medicine was no longer allowed the right to concern itself with the human body. The man who studied anatomy did so at the risk of being burned at the stake. The teachers of the time said it was no use to study the nature of the body, for life was only a brief period of trial. What was the use of prolonging it? The only medical science taught was to resign oneself to the evils which fell on man and to accept death with gratitude.

Every kind of curiosity was considered unwholesome as soon as it began to interest itself in material life instead of spiritual life. The study of animals was even more detestable than that of man. Animals, "the hairy ones," as they were called in medieval language, incarnated the devil. The latter, of course, was present everywhere, even in the flowers, as the learned St. Cyran, Bishop of Carthage, said. He was even located in the sky, and the great French historian, Michelet, explaining the medieval view upon this point, says:

"What happened to the divine star of the morning

(Continued on Page 2)

Barbaric Foot-Binding At Last Forbidden In China

PEIPING, China, Nov. 4. THOUSAND years ago, according to an ancient Chinese legend, an emperor of the Tang dynasty had in his court a beautiful concubine who danced for her lord with her tiny feet bound into the shape of half moons. The Mongol ruler was so in love with his concubine and so intrigued by her feet, which some said were deformed, that he planted lilies wherever she walked in the imperial gardens. Thus, if the legend is true, did the cruel and inhuman custom of "lily feet" for certain classes of Chinese women begin.

Ever since foreigners have been allowed to live in China there have been determined efforts to wipe out the painful and crippling custom which millions of slant-eyed girls and women have followed. In some of the provinces of Southern China foot-binding has been almost abolished, but in other provinces there are still thousands of women with distorted and useless "lily feet."

Nothing can be done for these cripples-by-tradition, but if the next campaign to end the evil of foot-binding, recently started by officials of the province of Suiyuan, succeeds, the day will come when there will not be a "lily foot" in the whole of China.

All towns and city authorities in the province were ordered to make a house-to-house inspection of their communities. The pairs of "lily feet" were counted and recorded and all women and girls were required to register.

Within two weeks after this registration all girls under fifteen years of age were supposed to discard their foot wrappings and report for periodic treatment, which, it is hoped, will undo the deforming work of the tight bands. In order to put teeth in the edict, the province officials, realizing that it would not be easy to overthrow an ancient custom, announced that a series of fines would be levied on those who failed to obey the new law. Frequent inspections are to be made of every house where there are "lily-footed" girls. The first fine for refusal to discard the bindings will be the Chinese equivalent of one dollar, and with each successive inspection which reveals that the law is being disobeyed the fine will increase up to a maximum of ten dol-

lars, which is a lot of money to the average Chinese family.

To get the fullest possible co-operation of the public in this latest attempt to wipe out an absurd and inhuman custom, the official announced that one-fifth of the amount collected in fines will be given to "dutiful citizens" who report violations of the law to the government. The other four-fifths of the money thus raised will be spent for public welfare work.

At the moment, it appears that the attempt to put a stop to foot-binding will be successful, although it may take years to educate tradition-bound people to the commonsense idea of leaving the feet of their daughters as nature fashioned them.

The reports already sent into the provincial government reveal that 60 per cent of the thousands of girls under fifteen in the area have bound feet, and that even the discarding of the tight wrappings will not prevent at least half of them from going through life partly crippled.

The last previous attempt to stamp out the custom which has maimed millions of Chinese girls and women was made about three years ago in the northern provinces of Honan, Shensi and Kansu. This attempt was undertaken by General Feng Tu Hsiang, then ruler of this great area.

Being a sensible and progressive man, General Feng opened his campaign before gathering of girl students in Honan. To give his argument home he showed moving pictures of European and American girls playing athletic games.



"See how healthy and happy these young women are," said the general. "Observe how swiftly and easily they get over the ground and leap in the air."

The Result of Foot-Binding. The Foot of a Young Chinese Girl, Which Had Been Bound When She Was an Infant.

A Modern Chinese Girl Whose Feet Are Comfortable in Large American Shoes, Which Now Will Entirely Supersede the Painful Bindings Which Have Tortured Chinese Girls for Centuries.

get over the ground and leap in the air. They are full of life and find life exciting and pleasant because they are physically whole. Would you not like to be as they are?" Then the enemy of foot-binding gave his appeal a national as well as a personal tone by reminding the students that China was seeking equality with the other nations of the world. "The strength and power of a nation," said the general, "is made up of strong, active, happy individuals—which includes women. China will never be the equal of the nations of the West unless our girls are as strong as the girls of other countries. They cannot be so long as their feet are deformed by an ancient custom, that should have been dropped long ago." The general's words made a deep impression on this other audience, and foot-binding is rapidly being done



Round Feet, Stuffed Into Diminutive Slippers Whose Shape in No Way Resembles a Human Foot, as Shown in the Photograph Above, Are Now Illegal in Suiyuan, and a Fine Is Imposed on Those Who Violate the New Law.

away with in the area he once controlled. It was estimated at the time he opened his drive against a barbarous custom that there were some 40,000,000 women in China who were crippled because of their distorted feet. And all of them were of the educated middle class. The present movement to free Chinese women from one of the silliest fads found anywhere in the world is being conducted in a modern manner, with posters showing the tragic fate in flood or fire of women handicapped by "lily feet." These posters are prominently displayed about the community and are said to be having the desired effect.

A Race of Supermen Who Perished 20,000 Years Ago?

those sublime radiation shone upon Socrates, Archimedes and Plato? It became the great devil Lucifer. We must not conclude from these facts that if this period was disastrous for experimental science, it was, as many assert, equally injurious in every respect to the progress of humanity. On the contrary, it saved civilization and thought by giving a great hope to people whom six or seven centuries of defeat, pillage and suffering would have plunged into final barbarism by taking away from them every moral resource. The faith of the age galvanized them. It helped them to endure all the physical sufferings of this period, the famines, wars, plagues and other terrible miseries. Metaphysics has been described as a method of befuddling oneself systematically and philosophy as the science of kidding oneself. These two, the most barren of all studies, were

glorified and the natural sciences thrown away as not only worthless but wicked. Yet it is entirely from these studies that science pulled humanity out of its dirt and darkness to the present light, comfort, cleanliness and long life which everyone today takes for granted. However, if all men capable at that time of using their brains had abandoned natural science in order to study only metaphysics and philosophy, what would have become of the first mentioned science? The people were completely illiterate and received instruction only from the church, and did not even know that such a science existed. But living in the country very near to nature and in almost perfect isolation, they were necessarily puzzled by the mysteries which surrounded them, and having no scientific explanation, endeavored to find one themselves. In this matter tradition played a great part. The time was not so far distant from them when the woods, the brooks, the clouds, were peopled by a crowd of gods introduced by Roman civilization or, in some cases, born on the very soil of the country. These divinities, deformed, degraded, from generation to generation by uncultivated minds, had become for the most part little spirits or goblins which, according to the

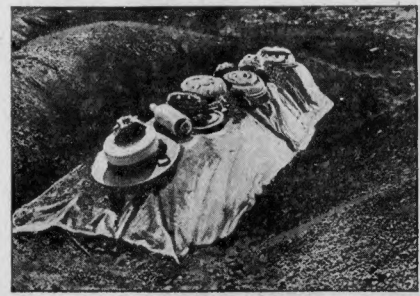
country that believed in them, were called fauns, elves, cobolds, water nymphs, nixes and a score of other names. They existed everywhere. They were the voice, the soul, the reason, the cause and the life of suppressed nature, and as they were considered wicked like nature herself, they hid themselves in her most secret solitudes. When the ecclesiastic met them by chance, he sent them to the infernal regions. But the common people loved them because they were laughing and frolicsome. To the poor women of that time, imprisoned in their hovels in the wild countryside, they were helpful and consoling companions. But in trying to follow them, to surprise them in their secret haunts, woman penetrated further and farther into the secrets of nature and became obliged to study them. Sooner or later she found one of her companions in misery, perhaps poorer than herself, more shut out from society, living the existence of a wild animal, because she had been repulsed everywhere, cursed and excommunicated, but who was regarded as very powerful because she possessed "the science." The science of the universe which the scholars of the time despised and did not wish to know and which she alone had preserved.

The woman described, as the reader will guess, was the sorceress, or as some would say, the witch. It is no exaggeration to say that the sorceresses of the Middle Ages were the depositories not only of the knowledge acquired by the Greeks and Romans, but as we shall show in the next chapter, of a knowledge much more ancient and much more extensive. Science being forbidden had to be bestowed. One of the great physicians of the Middle Ages, Paracelsus, some of whose scientific theories are confirmed by the most recent discoveries of our biology, confesses in his works that all he knew about medicine he obtained from sorceresses, who had taught him everything. And where did those women learn their science? That is something we are going to learn by some investigation of their requirements. The pathway upon which they will lead us into the past will not be without its dangers, for it borders upon one side on superstition, and on the other upon fraud. But between these two abysses there is a firm pathway, as can be proved from the teachings of modern science. This route into the past is soon going to lead us to some surprising discoveries.

How to Have Slender Legs



"If you want to have slender legs, learn to walk on your hands," says Miss Billie O'Donnell, a dancer, who makes her home in Berlin, Germany. Billie is still in her teens, but already she has achieved something of a reputation in the German capital as a performer of difficult dances and of gymnastic exercises. Her interesting theory of making the legs slim and graceful may or may not be sound advice, but Miss O'Donnell believes that suspending the legs in midair, as she is doing in the photograph, relaxes them and reduces the flow of blood to them, thus tending to prevent the accumulation of fatty tissue. "Most dancers," says the little young woman, "work every bit of surplus fat off their legs, but while they are doing this they are building up a muscular development which sometimes looks anything but slender. In the sort of athletic dances in which the legs are kept much in the air excess flesh is taken off by gentle agitation of the limbs, and bugging calves are not developed, as they are in the ordinary forms of dancing."



The Grave of a Workman in Kinshasa, Belgian Congo, on Which His Survivors Have Piled Hats, Dishes and Bottles, Following a Custom That Has Prevailed There for Centuries.

Where Junks Used for Tombstones

ONE of the strangest burial customs found anywhere in the world is practised by the superstitious tribesmen of the Belgian Congo in Africa. Today, just as their ancestors did centuries ago, they cover the graves of their dead with a curious assortment of objects which the departed used when they were alive. Unlike the Chinese, who leave supplies of food and flowers on the graves of their relatives, the Congo tribesmen do not believe that the souls of the deceased can make use of the objects left on their graves. On the contrary, they better the things so that no one, dead

or living, could do anything with them. This is to discourage petty thieves. The stuff on the African graves is intended to be nothing except a monument to the memory of the person who lies buried beneath it. The old hats, shoes, dishes and what-not serve to mark the grave for the relatives and friends of the person passed to the so-called Great Beyond. In one graveyard deep in the Belgian Congo the relatives of an old man, who had held a place of some importance in the tribal village, adorned his burial place with a crude wooden chair, which was the old man's favorite resting place during a long and fatal illness.

Clown of the London Zoo

THE cages of London's famous zoo hold many creatures so ludicrous in appearance and actions that visitors are moved to smile and chuckle at them. There are, for example, curious tropical birds with stilt-like legs and great curving backs that suggest the big, false noses of stage comedians, and agile monkeys with stripes down their backs and woolly topknots.

But the real comedian of the zoo is the funny little African bush-pig, which an explorer recently brought back from the white of the Dark Continent. This fellow, shown in the photograph below, has a long-mouthed face all out of proportion to his stunted body and eyes which he seems to roll at the spectators. He is at his funniest when he twitches the mustache-like growth of coarse hair on each side of his oversize mouth.



The Most Comic Animal in the London Zoo Is the Newly Acquired African Bush-pig, Which Barely Lives in Any Other Than Its Native Climate.

When an Extravagant Wife is Justified

Justice McCardie, Who Branded Mrs. Jean Nash As the Most Extravagant Woman in the World and Scolded Lady Cathcart, Now Explains the Circumstances Under Which a Wife May Spend More Than Her Husband Can Afford, and Hands Out Some Philosophy on Women and Clothes

The Distinguished British Bachelor Judge, the Honorable Justice McCardie, Whose Disquisitions on Women's Extravagances Have Attracted Wide Attention.

"If a husband is amorous, that justifies his wife in a certain extravagance in clothes, and the more amorous he is the more extravagant she has the right to be."

In uttering this dictum from the High Court of Justice, King's Bench Division, Judge McCardie, England's famous bachelor judge, offered a brand new yardstick for determining how far a woman may go in spending her husband's income on her own back.

Justice McCardie has long been known the world over as an authority on feminine extravagance. By calling Mrs. Jean Nash the most extravagant woman in the world he made her one of the most famous. It was this same judge who scolded the Countess Cathcart, of "moral turpitude" fame, not for being untrue to her husband but for unvarnished extravagance in clothes. At the time she was buying dresses at \$300 apiece, her husband was not writing any more letters, but her paramour, Lord Craven, with whom she later eloped was writing them. Now, if he had been paying Countess Vera's bills, that would have been different. But he didn't pay much of anything, even the passage money to elope on. Lord Craven believed in economical romances.

In the recent suit of *Madame Bernel*, a dressmaker, to compel Bernard Breskal to pay for his wife's clothes, Judge McCardie pointed out that the wife in the case had no sense whatever of a wife's duty on economy, and yet he excused her extravagance and gave judgment against her husband on the strength of his amorous letters produced in court.

The wife was present but the husband was in South Africa for his health. His testimony, taken by commission, asserted that he had not given his absentee wife authority to pledge his credit and that the amount of her clothing bills was more than he could afford in these days of reduced income and increased taxation.

Mrs. Breskal testified that when she and her husband had visited Deauville he had wanted her to look smart and told her to get two gowns. But in his testimony, taken by commission in South Africa, he said that he had meant her to pay only about \$25 for each instead of nearer \$100. There was no other documentary evidence to show what, if anything, he had authorized, except those affectionate letters which said not a word on the subject. The wife stated on the stand that she thought a wife ought to spend at least a quarter of her husband's income on her clothes. In reply to this the judge observed:

"I do not wonder that husbands are riding third class so often. I never knew a woman to admit spending too much on clothes."

When there was argument among counsel as to why most of the wife's bills had not been addressed to the husband who was being sued, the judge settled the discussion by remarking sadly:

"A husband is so unimportant in these days that he is hardly worth mentioning."

There were husbands and wives in the court, but nobody disputed that

LONDON Nov. 20.

Mrs. Leah Bernel, Fashionable London Dressmaker, Who Sued Mr. Breskal for Payment for the Gowns She Had Supplied Mrs. Breskal.



Photograph of Affectionate Pose of Lady Cathcart and Lord Craven, the Man She Ran Away With.

charge a little more!" suggested the judge.

"Oh, no," replied Mme. Bernel. "It is because we do very fine work." She then explained that the cost of a coat largely depended on the amount and quality of the fur on it. "We may sell them as low as \$10," she added impressively. But the judge was not impressed. He replied:

"Yes, but very often. That is one of those not happy but very occasional instances in your business, is it not?"

Observers in the courtroom were quite sure from the judge's attitude that the case was going against the dressmaker and that the husband would not have to pay anything. He asked Mme. Bernel if she knew the English law of husband and wife with regard to debts and the dressmaker replied that she did—that a husband was responsible for his wife's debts.

"You will find that every woman will cling to that view," remarked the judge drily. But when Mr. Leverson, counsel for the defendant, said that \$25 gowns were more in keeping with a husband's income of less than \$2,500 a year, the judge asked:

"Could she go to Deauville in a \$25 gown?"

"I remember reading in the press that some of the society ladies' Court dresses were only to cost twice that."

"Did you believe it?" asked the judge.

"You can get gowns that appear to be worth three or four times what they actually cost," asserted the lawyer. Judge McCardie's answer was to ask him if he was married. When Mr.

"Being an invalid," she sneered. Asked if he had ever tried to work, she answered:

"Yes, three months and that ended in a court case."

Then came Justice McCardie's decision. He first affirmed that he was as much against women's extravagance as ever, but that in certain cases it seemed to be justifiable from the wife's point of view, or at least unavoidable. It was, of course, no more than right and every good husband's wish that his wife should dress well.

"But," said the judge, "in my experience the majority believe that it is most important, when out of town, to write his wife an amorous letter every day. If he can remember it. Such burning sentiments do not mean a thing but flattery, yet they keep her happy and content and help prevent her from running around with some other man who will do the flatterer."

If a husband knows that every one of those letters may be used against him as an order for a new dress or hat he will become as canny as a rich bachelor who has had his love letters written in a branch-of-premise suit. The result will be earlier and oftener divorces.

Another husband writes that he has ordered a rubber stamp which reads, "NOTHING IN THIS LETTER IS TO BE CONSTRUED AS AUTHORIZING EXTRAVAGANCE."

Before using this stamp he prudently consulted his lawyer who advised that though it probably would make happy passages in a letter null and void as far as running up bills was concerned, it might also be construed as an order for a new dress of a wife and therefore grounds for divorce and alimony.

"Yes," means that husband, "if I

tain amount of extravagance in clothes must be expected from most any wife and, therefore, that every husband should be eternally on guard to prevent, by his own contributory negligence, having this natural, womanly extravagance go beyond the bounds that he can stand, the judge takes up that matter of excess, affectionate letters. His Lordship said:

"In the letters he wrote there is no warning against extravagance and no prohibition. The letters were bubbling with love and affection and amorous instinct, and whenever a man bubbles with amorous instinct he means he is going to allow a woman to be extravagant."

In one of his letters he says, 'I am hoping to get a cable telling me that you are coming on the next boat. Darling you will be loved to death when I see you. Any student of human nature will draw only one conclusion from that. I decided this case not on any general right of woman to be extravagant, because I strongly condemn the extravagance of the modern woman, but I hold that upon the evidence before me this husband did, in fact, authorize his wife to obtain goods of this character and price from the plaintiff.'

If an affectionate letter to one's own wife, an act which heretofore had been considered not only blameless but safe, is to be considered the same as an order on the dressmaker, what will be the result? Husbands have written to the English papers expressing their alarm at this new decision.

One correspondent, who claims to have been happily married for a reasonable time to five wives, writes:

"Every husband knows that it is most important, when out of town, to write his wife an amorous letter every day. If he can remember it. Such burning sentiments do not mean a thing but flattery, yet they keep her happy and content and help prevent her from running around with some other man who will do the flatterer."

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"Yes," means that husband, "if I

stop writing my regular loving letters, my better half will be perfectly certain that I am having an affair with a blonde and if she doesn't actually divorce me, I'll have to give her as indemnity as much as she imagines this imaginary blonde got from me.

"The trouble with Judge McCardie is that he is a bachelor and does not realize that these loving phrases, when written by a husband to his own wife, should not be taken at their face value but as 'Your obedient servant' at the end of a business letter should be taken as meaning that the writer is entitled to a servant's wages."

"Darling, you will be loved to death when I see you." Any student of human nature will draw only one conclusion from that (that he was bubbling over with amorous instinct). Now, as a matter of fact, a student of married human nature would not necessarily draw any such conclusion.

"His wife's testimony revealed a contemptuous attitude toward her husband in public and, no doubt, it was worse in private. They were separated for that reason, probably, rather than his health. If the judge were a married man he would suspect that under such circumstances a husband would write the sort of letters best calculated to keep her from visiting him and he would know that amorous letters telling how he missed her and yearned for her would be most likely to achieve that object. Whereas if he had written that he was well, happy and content with life, she would have taken the next boat to see how he was making him that way. Any intelligent, married man knows that."

English wives, from their silence, presumably acquiesce in Judge McCardie's philosophy. It was the women, however, who protested his Lordship's celebrated remarks when he absolved Captain Nash from the clothing bills of his wife, "the most extravagant and best dressed woman in Europe." At that time Judge McCardie said:

"Fashions have brought more mischief than revolutions."

"The dress of women has been ever the mystery and sometimes the calamity of the ages."

"The woman is the least part of herself."

And in the course of the suit over Lady Cathcart's bills for clothes Judge McCardie remarked:

"She was already in possession of enough dresses to meet her proper requirements. Her husband lived, and wished her to do so, quietly and within his income. She chose, moreover, as her social associates those of whom her husband had good reason, strongly disapproved. Her profligacy was for them, and not for the man she had married. I believe that she really desired these gowns with a view to the payment to Deauville with Lord Craven."



Mrs. Jean Nash, of Whom Justice McCardie Said: "Dress and dress alone seems to have been her end in life. Self-decoration was her vision, her aim, her creed. Fashion has wrought more mischief than revolutions. Mrs. Nash was the more devotee of fashion and thus she trod the path which so often leads to financial disaster."

Photo de Metzer.

Thrilled By Their "Cave-Man" Dance



The Season's Big Hit in Berlin's Famous Winter Garden Is the "Cave-Man Dance," Offered by Two British Artists, Balliol and Merton, Shown Above in One of Its Most Spectacular Phases.

THEATRE-GOERS in Paris, Berlin and Vienna thought they had seen just about everything in the way of athletic dancing acts until the recent invasion of their temples of amusement by two new English dancers known simply as Balliol and Merton.

This team, made up of an extraordinarily strong man and an attractive, and shapely woman, has created a number called the "cave-man dance," a dance so cleverly conceived and performed with such primitive vigor that it brings an audience to its feet in appreciative applause.

The man handles his dancing partner in true cave-man fashion,

capturing her, holding her in his strong arms, tossing her over his shoulder, and finally subduing her by swinging her in a dizzy circle while he grasps her by one of her slender ankles.

One Berlin dramatic critic, in attempting to explain why such a dance has turned out to be the hit of the season at the famous Winter Garden, says that men are thrilled by the entertainment because the dance dramatically depicts the dominance of the male, and that women get a kick out of the spectacle because they feel that the dance somehow proves a growing conviction among modern women that it is only in size and strength and not in brain power that men are superior to the so-called weaker sex.

Woman Heads Spanish Prisons

WHEN the leaders of the new Spanish Republic placed Victoria Kent in charge of the country's more than 500 prisons, they were criticized and ridiculed for delegating to a charming and soft-spoken woman a job which seemed to call for an iron-willed he-man. But few people in Spain would remove Senorita Kent from her responsible position today, because she has saved the government a lot of money and brought about a marked improvement in the nation's penal institutions.

The first thing that Spain's new prison boss did was to close more than 300 local jails which she found did not house a prisoner once a month. Overnight this cut the cost of keeping the country's criminals and lesser law-breakers 10 per cent. In place of 437 jails, Senorita Kent used only 115 jails located at strategic points throughout the country.

She found that hard-boiled jailers were still using some of the inhuman methods which prevailed in Spain a century ago and that most of the country's prisoners were treated like caged animals. Senorita Kent modernized penal practice, but she did not go soft and sentimental. She gave strict orders that every prisoner was to have enough plain, nourishing food and a clean place to sleep, but that no one—male or female—was to touch for a moment the bars of the prison cell.

Today, in Spain's 170 prisons—six national penitentiaries, 49 state prisons and 115 smaller district jails—the thousands of prisoners are glad that the nation's prison boss is a woman, although they do not have an easy time of it. Men who languished in dank, evil-smelling dungeons now get out in the air and sunlight and have enough to eat, but they have to work for their keep. Many of them are assets rather than handicaps to the state and are looking forward to useful, law-abiding lives when their prison terms are over.



The Specially Built Railroad Carriage at St. Cyr Airport, France, Constructed Solely for the Purpose of Testing Aircraft Before Actual Flights Are Attempted. It Is the Only Vehicle of Its Kind in the World.

Trial Carriage for Planes

AERONAUTICAL engineers in charge of the St. Cyr Airport, near Versailles, France, have learned by costly experience that it is best to test new planes and new types of planes before actually sending them into the air. Several of the airport's expert pilots and mechanics have been killed in such trial flights. So they developed an ingenious trial carriage, driven by a powerful electric motor and operated along a railway track more than half a mile long.

The photograph shows the model of a new type of autogyro fastened securely to the carriage and about to be taken for a speedy ride the length of the track. On this ride, and on many subsequent fast trips along the rails the fitness of the plane to take the air will be determined by many delicate instruments attached to the superstructure to which the plane is fastened.

Some of these instruments will register the rigidity and lifting power of the small wings. Others will show whether the machine is properly constructed as to weight and balance, and whether the rudders, ailerons and "windmill" are properly proportioned. In short, the trial runs—on which there is not the slightest possibility of the plane "cracking up"—enable the designers of a plane to find out, before the machine ever takes to the air, just how it will behave in flight.

Half a dozen planes of radical design have been tested on this interesting little railway and the engineers learned that three of the planes would have come to grief had pilots attempted to fly them. The other three, after minor changes in construction, made successful flights.

Aviation experts from all over Europe have gone to the St. Cyr Airport to watch the trial carriage in action. They believe that it will be the means of saving many lives in experimental flights and will save thousands of dollars that might otherwise be wasted on impractical aircraft.

Uncle Sam's Giant Housefly To Be Exhibited in Fight Against Typhoid

UNCLE SAM'S scientists believe strongly in the use of big models of cows, hens and pigs for teaching important facts about the breeding and feeding of livestock—and they believe just as strongly in the use of models to warn people against the dangers of disease-carrying pests.

For more than a year skillful artisans

worked on a gigantic model of the common housefly, which will be exhibited all over the country at State and county fairs and other gatherings. An official of the department who knows all about houseflies will take the model from place to place and explain just how the pestiferous insect carries deadly typhoid germs and the germs of

other diseases which afflict the human race.

The big model, which is built to scale, rests upon a rough base which represents a favorite article of diet for flies. It is equipped with a small electric motor concealed within its body. This motor causes the creature's proboscis to move up and down as though it were feeding on the pseudo-sugar.

For the past several years the automobile has been crowding the horse out of the cities and larger towns, and the danger of disease borne by flies is not nearly as great as it used to be because most houseflies are hatched in horse manure.

But there are still plenty of horses in the rural districts of the country and the housefly is still a menace there.

It is estimated that several thousand babies are killed in this country every year by germs which the housefly leaves in the milk they drink and the food they eat.

In the course of the educational talk which will be delivered wherever the Government's monster housefly is exhibited, the lecturer will explain not only the physical make-up of the insect

and the manner in which the fly picks up and spreads disease germs, but he will also tell people how to combat the pest by screening their homes and setting traps to catch the flies before they can become a menace to health and happiness. At the finish of its nationwide tour, the mechanical fly will be placed on permanent exhibition in Washington.



—On the Right—The Mechanical Housefly, Designed Exactly After a Real Fly by Department of Agriculture Scientists, but Enormously Enlarged. It Is Shown Perched on a Substance That Represents Sugar.

—On the Left—To Emphasize the Importance of Killing Houseflies, Which Are Germ-Carriers, the Young Woman Is Shown Pointing a Rifle at the Enlarged Likeness of the Dangerous Insect.



How Far Ought Science Experiment on Living Men and Women?

Medical Men Assert the Need of Trying Out Operations, Inoculations and Other Forms of Research On Human Beings to Test Drugs and Discover Means of Conquering Cancer, Heart Disease and Other Obscure Ailments of Modern Man



Up to the Thirteenth Century Dissection of Human Bodies Was Forbidden, and This Chart Shows What the Doctors of the Day Thought the Inside of a Man Looked Like. The Larger Oval (A) Just Under the Neck Is Supposed to Be the Stomach; the Heavy Circle (B) the Heart; the Dark Lines, Veins, and (C) Just Under the Stomach Is the Liver; (D) the Intestines. With Such Ideas of Man's Anatomy It Is No Wonder That the Doctors of the Time Could Do Little to Cure Disease.

RECENTLY in Berlin, Germany, a group of distinguished medical men met to discuss how far their profession ought to be allowed to go in experiments on living men and women. It was urged before the conference that tests of drugs and experimental surgery, are becoming an increasing necessity of medical science. Some of the greatest scourges of mankind cannot be conquered, it is probable, until such experiments are permitted. Cancer is one of these. The ever-increasing toll of deaths from heart disease may mark another.

A few months ago a London biologist, Dr. J. B. S. Haldane, made a simple experiment on himself by injecting into his body a drug the effects of which he wished to test. The newspapers found out about it and Dr. Haldane was acclaimed all over the world as a self-sacrificing hero; which he himself promptly denied, saying that such experiments were made every day by medical men for the sake of scientific knowledge and deserved no more acclaim than anything else which responsible people do as part of their jobs. Another British biologist once allowed a surgeon to sever one of the large nerves in his arm, putting up with the danger and discomfort of this lost nerve for months until the nerve fibers slowly grew out again to the isolated fingertips.

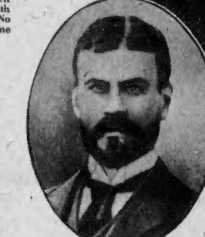
The work of the members of the United States Army medical department who conquered yellow fever, experimenting constantly on themselves and on volunteer subjects in order to do so, is well known. Dr. Jesse Lazear, to test the theory that the disease was communicated by mosquitoes, deliberately let one bite him. He died two days later of the plague, but his heroism resulted in control of the disease through knowledge of how it was communicated.

Every few months there recurs in the public press the story that doctors in hospitals are experimenting on their patients without these patients' consent. Never once has this story been proved true, involving a danger or detriment to the patients. Yet thousands of doctors, medical students, nurses and even patients have volunteered as subjects and have been useful for experiments on diets, on the effects of germ of diseases like colds, or headaches and many other minor ailments.

Such medical experimentation on human beings undoubtedly goes on all the time and undoubtedly is necessary if mankind is to proceed with the growing conquest of disease. The point is that neither medical principles nor the law now permit the degree of human experimentation which the biologist insists is coming to be necessary.

To put actual power of life and death in the hands of even one of the most unselfish and devoted physicians, everyone admits to be dangerous. What society must do, the recent Berlin conference agreed, is to decide on exactly what limits are to be set by law or custom to what the physician or other biological experimenter may do; just as limits have been set in the security of civilized countries to the kinds of experiments which can be performed on animals.

Safe and kindly experiments on animals



Dr. Jesse Lazear, the American Army Doctor, Who Allowed Himself to Be Bitten by a Mosquito Carrying the Germ of Yellow Fever, Died Two Days Later of It, but Whose Heroic Experiment Upon Himself Has Resulted in Control of the Disease.



The Mosquito Which Carries the Germ of Yellow Fever—At Left, the Male; at Right, the Female; and Below It, a Microscopic Photograph of the Yellow Fever Germ.



The Mosquito Which Carries the Germ of Yellow Fever—At Left, the Male; at Right, the Female; and Below It, a Microscopic Photograph of the Yellow Fever Germ.

have been responsible for much medical progress. Without such experiments, conducted only by highly qualified men and laboratories and with anesthetics used to avoid all pain to the animals experimented on, many diseases now removed from the rank of serious public dangers still would be taking vast toll of mankind. What needs to be done, the Berlin conference agreed, is to make the same kind of sane and safe regulations for experiments on living human beings; or, at least, this is what many humanitarian biologists and other scientists are coming to insist.

At present, doctors and biologists can carry out only three kinds of experiments. One kind includes those experiments which no one considers dangerous to the subjects, like experiments on different diets or the tests made at Cornell University and elsewhere on the effects of regular exposure to ultraviolet rays in decreasing the number of colds that people catch during the winter and spring. Another kind of experiments that physicians consider permissible are those made on people who are at the

A Detail From Rembrandt's Painting, "The Anatomy Lesson," Showing How It Was Cut and Slashed in the Museum of Amsterdam, Holland, by a Fanatic Who Objected to the Dissection of Human Bodies.



point of death anyway and cannot be saved by any orthodox procedure. Third, are the experiments which physicians make continually on themselves.

At the recent Congress of Surgery, held in New York City, one of the outstanding series of accomplishments presented dealt with improvements in nerve surgery; the cutting of nerves to relieve severe pain, the repair of nerves by grafts and sutures and many other features of the ways in which surgeons now dare to alter and improve the nervous system of the body, much as they have been doing for years with the digestive system, the bones and other parts of the bodily mechanism. No small part of this progress dates its beginning to the remarkable experiments of Drs. H. Head and W. H. R. Rivers, carried out in England more than twenty years ago.

Dr. Head submitted to an operation by which the radial nerve in one of his arms was cut, just as it might have been by an accident. Immediately a large area of skin on the hand and arm lost all sensation of touch. Other actions of the arm were disturbed as well. Dr. Head and Dr. Rivers studied all that changes carefully. With equal care they watched the affected arm as it slowly recovered its normal functions; something which was due, the two surgeons proved, to the slow growth of the ends of the cut nerve outward from the place of the injury to the hand and fingers. Since then many similar experiments have been made. Meanwhile, other tests of nerve surgery have been made on animals. Opportunities have been taken to observe the recovery of nerve function after accidental lacerations. But by the time the science of nerve surgery has been constructed.

Another way in which physicians have experimented with themselves has been in connection with anesthesia; also a subject emphasized at the recent surgical congress in New York City. During recent years more than a dozen new anesthetics have been introduced. Probably no one of these new anesthetics has even been proposed to one discoverer's medical colleagues until it has been tried many times exper-



Another Living "Laboratory"—A Cow With an Opening in Its Side Into Which a Dipper Is Thrust Into the Stomach to Secure Samples of Food in Various Stages of Digestion.

mentally on the discoverer himself or his medical associates. The present ethics of the medical profession and the present laws of most countries prohibit even this self experimentation if the result may be considered seriously dangerous to the experimenter. That is not enough, many physicians now assert, for the real needs of medical science.

Cancer, for example, is already one of the most serious diseases in the world. It is increasing at a rapid rate. Statistics of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company recently estimated that the death rate of American women from cancer will have increased by more than half before the end of the present century, unless by that time the cause of the disease has been discovered and means devised for prevention or cure.

Unfortunately, cancer of the human type seems not to occur in the majority of laboratory animals. There are special kinds of cancer which arise in chickens and in mice, and studies by experiments on these animals have been extremely valuable, the experts

state, in increasing understanding of the human disease. Yet it is questionable that much faster advances would be made if it were possible to experiment on the human varieties of cancer, using living human beings for subjects.

It even is possible that the persons experimented on might be cured and live long and useful lives thereafter; indeed such a result is extremely likely, since the physicians in charge of the experiments would know exactly what they were doing and could stop the experiment and remove the cancer before things got really dangerous. Yet there would be a possibility of disaster all this, even death, could be made quite painless, in spite of the fact that many individuals have volunteered to be the subject of such tests and in spite of the undoubted benefits which such experiments would give in the study of this highly dangerous disease, public opinion, even among the physicians, still opposes any such experimentation.

Another series of diseases which are



Mrs. May Davis, a Washington Mother With Two Little Ones, Who Offered Herself for Scientific Experiment of Any Kind as the Only Way She Knew of Securing Enough Money to Care For and Educate Her Children, Who Were Dearer to Her Than Her Own Life—But Her Offer Could Not Be Accepted Because of Laws and Prejudice Against Human Experimentation.

increasing notably in the United States and which must be controlled if the average age of Americans is to be lengthened are those included under heart disease. No one will really know the chief causes of heart disease or how to prevent and correct them, it is probable, until it is possible to carry out long and careful experiments on groups of human beings.

These are experiments in which the subjects who volunteer for them will meet grave danger to life. Suppose, for example, that a physician tries on one of these subjects for several years a diet which he believes will cause depletion of lime salts in the walls of the arteries, thus leading to dangerous kinds of heart or artery disease. Once done, this damage probably cannot be repaired. The experimental subject undoubtedly will have shortened his life, if not lost it altogether. Extreme devotion to science or to the welfare of future generations would be demanded of a person willing to take these risks. Even if a subject were found it is unlikely that any physician would consent to plan or watch the experiment.

There always have been persons willing to volunteer for these risks, either out of a sense of service to humanity or for some similar purpose, relatives or for some similar purpose. Such was the case of Mrs. May Davis, of Washington, who offered herself for scientific experimentation to secure money to bring up her children. Her offer could not be accepted.

At present such contracts are not allowed, any more than a person is permitted by the law to commit suicide. A man's life and health, it is the present theory of the law, are not his own to dispose of.

Possibly that is wise. Even the most advanced biologists admit the dangers of any other plan. Yet medicine and science are confronted by a serious dilemma. Either experiments must be made on living human beings, or medical science will advance less rapidly than it ought.

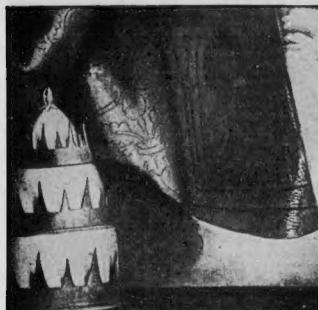
Thinking people of all civilized nations will be called upon soon to decide these questions.

How They Saved the Most Valuable Picture in the World

Ingenious Scientific Methods That Refixed the Cracking Paint, Strengthened the Canvas and Removed the Discoloring Dirt and Varnish From Raphael's Famous Sistine "Madonna"



The Left Lower Corner of Raphael's Picture Consisting of the Pope's Mitre and Part of His Robe, Showing the Loose Particles of Paint Which Would Have Fallen Off and Led to the Destruction of the Masterpiece.



The Left Lower Corner of Raphael's Picture As Restored, With the Loose Particles of Paint Fixed Together and the Dirt and Varnish Removed, Forming a Perfect Surface.

THE methods of modern scientific picture restorers have recently saved many priceless old paintings for the world. They have brought to light masterpieces hidden beneath daubs of a later date, have given a new meaning to others by removing details not put in by the original artists, and have saved others from falling to pieces through decay and the injurious effects of heavy layers of varnish.

Perhaps the most remarkable achievement in this line is the restoration just completed of Raphael's famous Sistine "Madonna" in the State Gallery at Dresden. This is considered the most valuable picture in the world, its only rival in this respect being the same artist's "Transfiguration" in the Vatican. It is officially stated that but for this restoration the Sistine "Madonna" would soon have fallen to pieces through the action of age, decay, layers of varnish, dirt, bacon fat and other causes.

Raphael's great masterpiece has been saved by Dr. Theodor Krause, Germany's foremost expert in this line, who has described the operation in a report.

"The Sistine 'Madonna,'" writes Dr. Krause, "which was brought to Dresden in 1744 from the monastery of San Sisto, in Piacenza, was in 1826 successfully subjected to a process of conservation by the famous Italian restorer, Palmazoli. Between 1754 and 1826 some work was done to it. In 1856 it was treated with copal balsam, and in 1885 it was varnished.

"For some years past, the condition of certain portions of the picture has been causing anxiety. The paint was swelling up and loosening in parts, while later particles of paint began to drop off, so it was high time to carry out a careful process of conservation. Photographs of some of the endangered parts show how urgent it was to take prompt action.

"The conservation treatment was carried out last May. The picture had to be detached from the frame. When it had been well secured, an attempt was made to pass a binding agent through the back of the canvas towards the painted surface in order to hold together the raised and loosened parts of the paint. These attempts were frustrated by a stout second canvas which Palmazoli had applied with a thick layer of paste to protect the thin original canvas. Therefore it was necessary to remove this second canvas and, so far as possible, detach the paste. This was successfully done. It was, however, a very difficult, responsible job, as there was great risk of injury to the original canvas, 400 years old, which would have meant injury to the painting.

"After the removal of the backing and paste, the picture was treated with resin and wax, which penetrated the canvas and formed a new binder for the paint. A new canvas back was then applied. By this method we completely succeeded in refixing the swollen and loosened parts of the paint; not a single chip of paint was lost in the process. Moreover, the picture has been cleaned and again stretched in its frame, and the varnish has been regenerated. There was no resort to brush and paint, since the raised particles of paint were forced back into position. The picture is now well preserved and affords pleasure by its clearness and freshness of color."

Many intricate details of the work of restoration are, of course, not mentioned in this brief statement by Dr. Krause. During the 400 years of the picture's existence, several artists had touched up discolored parts or endeavored to improve the original artist's work. These additions were complicated by various layers of varnish. It was an extremely intricate task to remove overlying paint and varnish without injury to the original paint.

In the International Studio recently Georg Biermann called attention to the fact that many of the old masters in the Louvre, the chief collection of the French Government, were suffering from "rapid decay." The Louvre contains the largest collection of ancient paintings in the world, and probably their aggregate value is far greater than that of any other collection. The deterioration of the pictures is therefore a very serious matter for France.



The Famous Sistine "Madonna" of Raphael, as It now Appears in the State Gallery at Dresden, After Restoration by Dr. Theodor Krause.

One of the works which is in a particularly bad condition is Titian's famous "Allegory of the Venetian General, Alphonse D'Avalos," which is not only very valuable, but an especially interesting picture. The writer is referring to says "this picture is in a simply pitiful condition. The old varnish covers the flesh parts in some places like a disease of the skin, and the head of the general is hardly recognizable. The splendid colors have long since been drowned in the dull yellow of the old varnish."

It will be seen that this picture is suffering from the same conditions that were destroying the Sistine Madonna, but even more severely. Representations have been made to the authorities of the Louvre, and it is understood that an effort will be made to save Titian's masterpiece by the same methods that have been so successful at Dresden.

Many of the restorations of old masters carried out by the scientists have been very amusing. For over a century countless people admired the picture by Frans



Titian's Famous "Allegory of the Venetian General, Alphonse D'Avalos," in the Louvre Gallery, Paris, Which Is Falling to Pieces Through the Action of Varnish. Experts Will Try to Restore It by the Same Methods As the Sistine "Madonna."

subject's head, perhaps thinking that this article headgear was appropriate to the act of drinking. Professor de Wild proved that the picture was the portrait of a prosperous citizen named Verdonck, a friend of Hals.

Hals known as "The Topper," which hangs in the National Gallery of Scotland in Edinburgh. The man in the picture appeared to be holding a large glass of wine in his right hand, presumably good Rhine wine, and his face wore a smile as though he enjoyed his wine. Learned critics used to write about this at length as a perfect representation of the rough-going, wholesome joviality.

Then Professor A. Martin de Wild, of the University of Delft, in Holland, discovered that the so-called picture of "The Topper" was really a picture of a man holding a bone in his hand. The bone had been converted into a wine glass by some artist of 100 years ago.

The glass was badly painted and quite unworthy of Frans Hals. The same artist had added a cap like a beret to the



The Head of Saint Barbara, One of the Most Beautiful Features of Raphael's Picture, Showing How the Cracks Disfigured the Face and the Particles of Paint Were in Danger of Dropping Off, Destroying the Portrait Altogether.



The Head of Saint Barbara With the Surface Restored by Refixing the Loose Particles of Paint With a Binding Agent Applied Through the Back of the Canvas, Thus Bringing Back the Sweet Expression of the Saint's Face.

was an early scientist and the jawbone showed his interest in anatomy.

Another triumph of the same science of restoration was the discovery of a priceless masterpiece by Holbein which had been concealed for 300 years beneath an almost worthless daub. The picture was a portrait of Sir William Butts, a son of the physician who helped Queen Elizabeth into the world. For nearly 300 years Sir William's picture was looked upon by the Butts family as an interesting heirloom but without great artistic value. Then an art expert called their attention to the fact that the great Holbein had painted a picture of Sir William Butts. What had become of it? The best explanation they could find was that it was concealed beneath their portrait.

A scientific expert, Nice Jungman, was called in and went to work on the picture. Owing to its condition he could not use chemicals. Hour by hour he scraped away at the picture and gradually the family was amazed to see an entirely different work coming to light. A chemist, Dr. Paul Gant, was called in and discovered the presence of azurite, the material which Holbein, like many other old masters, used in making his blue paint and which he was particularly fond of employing in his background. Gradually a beautiful blue background, thoroughly characteristic of Holbein, was brought to view.

An old picture in the style of Carlo Dolci was acquired by Karl Lucki, a Berlin collector. It represented Saint John the Evangelist working with a pen at his gospel. Dolci is not a very highly esteemed old master and it was not even certain that the painting was by him. An X-ray examination showed that there was another painting beneath Saint John the Evangelist. This was removed by a scientific restoration method, and a beautiful picture of a woman by the much admired Italian old master, Bronzino, was revealed.

Another old master acquired by Mr. Lucki was ascribed to Andrea Meldola, a pupil of Titian. Clearly the picture was in the Italian style and the characters had the cheerful appearance of Italians. However, there was evidence of much over-painting. When this was removed the Italian picture came out as a Spanish masterpiece, probably by El Greco, and of much greater value. The middle figure was facing to the left instead of to the right, the men were dressed in black after the Spanish style, and the execution was generally more refined.

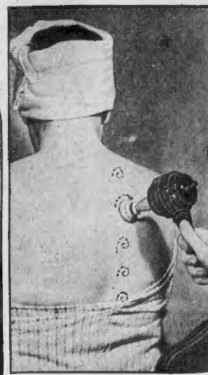
A painting by Carlo Dolci entitled "Youth and Love" was exhibited in the Wiesbaden collection at the Memorial Hall, Philadelphia. The principal lady was enjoying a dish of fruit but wore a very serious expression, and there was no sign of love. A test of the pigment led to the discovery that the flowers and fruit were painted centuries later than the rest of the picture. These were carefully removed and the severed head of Saint John the Baptist was revealed, thus proving it to be Dolci's "Salome with the Head of John the Baptist," which has been missing for more than two centuries.

What Women Will Endure for the Sake of Beauty

Lipsticks, Rouge and Face Creams Not Affected by "Hard Times" and Now Rank as Necessities; Tedious, Painful and Expensive Operations and Treatments Increasing



Model at the Recent Chicago Coiffure Salon, Demonstrating the New "Hair Glass" Style of Doing Up Woman's Crowning Glory in Waves of Set, Sift Designs Which Look Like Span Glass.



Massaging "Downer's Hump" of Surplus Fat Off the Back. (Photo From Modern Beauty Shop Studies)

A Recently Patented Device for Curling Eyelashes. It is Reported That a Somewhat Similar Appliance Has Been Invented Which Will Curl Fingernails and May Set a New Fashion for Those Who Have the Time and Think It Worth While to Follow Any New Fad.

The Slow and Tedious Process of Touching Up With a Dre the New Growth of Hair Which Has Come Out Since the Last General Dyeing.

In the recent depression of the last two years, some curious and important outstanding facts have been discovered. While many business concerns and, indeed, entire lines of industry have almost come to a standstill, yet there are some which seem to do just about as large a volume of business as they did in boom times.

Of course, everybody has to have water, no matter how hard the times, and, therefore, the waterworks corporations have been doing well. People must eat, and therefore food concerns are kept busy filling up the vacancies on the groceryman's shelves which his daily customers create.

But food and water are necessities. It would be expected that business in these lines would hold up well in hard times. It is the luxuries which people dispense with when their incomes shrink—and the theatre, the motion picture houses, the film producing companies and the jewelry companies' reports show what happens when money is scarce. And yet the surprising fact stands out from this is that the cigarette factories have been affected very little by the hard times, and the cosmetic trade is in about as great a volume as at the height of the depression as it was at the height of the spirit of extravagance. It would seem that the conclusion to draw from this is that the cigarette and the cosmetic have taken their place alongside food and water as necessities, rather than luxuries.

"Fine clothes are a luxury, but a well-groomed face, figure and hair-dress are necessities," said Mrs. Patricia Gordon, vice-president of the Princess Face Company of Chicago and one of the best informed women in this industry. "More important than being well-dressed is appearing well-groomed, it would seem. Fine clothes are desired by women as luxuries, but cold cream, face powder, perfumes and face cream are absolutely necessary to the happiness of womanhood. The cosmetic bill for the United States in 1920 indicates no depression despite the fact that the clothes bill for that year fell to a half of what it was before the depression.

"Our own sales show that cosmetics are solidly in the necessity class. There was a drop in sales right after the stock market crash in December, 1929. Drugstores became frightened and tightened up on their buying. Because their reserve supplies were short their supplies were quickly exhausted and they started reordering. The market has since been normal."

Because the American woman is buying less expensive powders and

Appearance of the Face and Neck After Paste of Cornmeal and Peroxide Has Been Applied to Bleach the Skin.

rouges, she feels she can use more of them. Mrs. Gordon points out. Instead of one rouge box on her dressing table she now possesses two. One for day-time and the other for evening wear. Powder selected should harmonize with the skin, rouge with the frock, lipstick with the rouge, eyes make-up with the tone of the skin instead of with the color of the eyes. Now comes the big reason for feminine expenditure in cosmetics.

"Regardless of whether a woman has a little money or a lot of it, the men with whom she comes in contact demand that she be chic and attractive looking," she explains. "Her employer is becoming as particular about the appearance of his female employees as their sweethearts are, say. Her complexion must have a clean, well-kept look. The girl who suffers from a bad skin will have a pretty difficult time getting a good job."

"It doesn't make any difference whether your gown is expensive and of the latest fashion, men won't approve of you if your skin is drab, lips pale, eyebrows scraggly and eyes dull. If her complexion is soft and velvety and she is expertly made up, any woman can wear an inexpensive outfit, and still attract the admiring glances of the men. Women today are forced to choose between clothes and cosmetics. The majority of them choose the latter."

Beauty operators and dermatologists

come forward to say that women will submit to all the tortures of hades to become beautiful, or at least what beauty specialists think is beautiful. Tortures, indeed, and intense heat are just a few other words to describe the various feelings the woman customer goes through in the processes of skin bleaching, wrinkle eradication, eyebrow tweezing, face-lifting, nose and ear rebuilding and hair bleaching, not to mention a hundred other beauty procedures including the removal of warts, pimples, and freckles.

The roads taken in the quest of beauty are branching now in two sharply different directions. Along one are the complex but usually harmless treatments used in well-equipped beauty shops. Along the other are drastic treatments now administered by plastic surgeons and dermatologists.

A well-known dermatologist and plastic surgeon tells of the feminine demand for facial operations. He says: "There are two groups of women who come to a doctor for these drastic facial treatments. The first group includes those who earn their living by their faces and is comprised largely by stage and screen stars. The second group includes the average woman—the business worker, the housewife, and the college girl. The latter group seem to feel they must be improved in appearance either to get a husband or keep one. I hear the same story over and over again—from Senators' wives to stenographers: 'I would do anything to become beautiful.'"

From the dermatologist was learned the process for removing wrinkles. It is called electrolysis. The blade of the electric knife is a tiny loop of platinum wire which glows with a blue heat when the electric motor attached to the knife is turned on. Up and down the wrinkles the tiny flame passes, searing off the excess skin as neatly as sand-papering down a rough surface. Back and forth over the crow's-feet and the baggy patches, leaving the patient at the end of the treatment "red, raw, but with skin like a baby."

Of course, this treatment is painful. If the pouches under the eyes have become too large for the electric knife

The Paraffin Is Melted and Poured Over the Subject and of Perspiration. When It Is Peeled Off.

treatment, then real surgery is the next resort. The skin is slit directly underneath the eye and again beneath the pouch. The excess tissue is thereby removed. The remaining skin around the eye is sewed up smoothly and tightly. A little scar remains for a while. What is known as skin peel is for the face, neck or arms that are browned, freckled or scarred. This operation is simple as medical treatments go, but is given by few beauty shops. If a "peel" goes wrong a woman may be left with ugly permanent scars. Even when it is expertly done it still causes pain.

First the face, neck, and arms are cleansed with cream; then steamed. The patient is next placed under an ultra-violet ray quartz lamp of high voltage. During this time the operator rubs into the skin a strong, penetrating liquid which is left on for three days. The patient, of course, must go into retirement for those days.

In the three days of confinement the skin treated starts to tighten, then to itch and draw. The pain is almost unbearable. The operator then applies vasoline to the shriveled surface and great patches of skin fall off. According to most women, the night of this falling skin, dried and brown, sets most beautiful crazy until they are reassured that everything is all right. Ointments and creams are applied to the red and rough surface and a few days a more natural hue comes to the face.

Then there is the face lift. It is the women of 45 and over who find it necessary to have a face lift. Many of them can be discovered in a doctor's office because they reduced too quickly and enthusiastically. To lose forty or fifty pounds by high pressure methods leaves a lot of skin around the face and body. It hangs in limp folds spoiling the effect of the dieting.

On the face this extra skin is taken up by "lifting." The so-called "turkey gobbler wattle" which hangs from the jaw also can be removed by the same methods. A scrawny neck gets a neck lift.

The plastic surgeon pulls back the skin on the jaws and under the chin up towards the ears and the skin on

the cheeks up to the temples measuring the amount of slack. Then incising the skin he removes triangular pieces from each area, the size depending on the amount of slack, stitching the patient together again.

Facial blemishes are also being corrected for numberless women. The Empress Eugenie hats and the new styles of hairdressing revealing one or both ears have made women ear conscious and many are scurrying to doctors' offices to have large floppy ears made over. A small piece of cartilage at the base of the ear is removed and a scar stitched closely to the head.

Many noses are being rebuilt, for obscure persons as well as stage celebrities. A girl came from a doctor's office with a really elegant nose, straight and tilting prettily upward. On it was a small star of adhesive tape. She had just undergone a nose operation. The doctor had taken a "before" picture for his records, showing a large humped nose, big, aggressive, eagle-like, hanging down towards her mouth. He had cut out bone and cartilage in the hump, given her a straight bridge, stitched up her nose, and changed the appearance of the entire face.

The processes in the beauty shops themselves are characterized more by tedious than pain. There is the Wyoming woman who got the skin peel as the first step in her rejuvenation. Returning to the beauty parlor she was scheduled for a permanent wave, a henna pack, eye-wave, and a make-up lesson.

Her hair was ashblonde of a peculiarly dead and ugly tone. The beautician mixed some henna leaves and hot water into a goopy paste and then smeared great handfuls over the head of the customer. For 45 minutes she sat with the paste on her head while the henna steeped.

Meanwhile the operator covered her face except for the eyes, took a tiny swab of cotton on the end of a stick, dipped it into some brown dye and which henna was added and dried her faded eyebrows and lashes a reddish brown.

Next she shampooed the henna paste off her hair and dragged the woman to a permanent wave booth for another three-hour session. The girl wrapped the hair on forty little spindles, dipped into some alkaline solution, and then suspended her by her hair to the frenzied turning machine that hung from the ceiling, pulling her hair so tightly the woman could neither sit down nor stand up.

It grew hotter and hotter. The newly hennaed hair was sizzled and steamed in the steel cylinders. The curtains were pulled out by the roots. After what seemed hours but was really only ten minutes, the beautician turned off and the patient was allowed to cool. Then they unwrapped her. Once more she was sham-

A New Brush Which Has Been Designed for Cleaning the Tongue. It Is Long Enough to Reach to the Back of Any Throat and Is Designed to Take Up the Sanitary Work of the Mouth Where the Toothbrush Leaves Off. Until This Ladet Came on the Market Nobody Knew That the Tongue Needed a Scraper.

poed and the girl shaped her hair into flat, thinning waves and pulled her to a dryer.

Eventually, after some more sitting, and after a lesson in make-up, she was turned loose, ten years off her age, shining flat waves of reddish golden hair, trim eyebrows, pink cheeks, and white skin.

"Now get some new clothes, expensive, and go home and vamp your husband. Every two weeks, least, and sometimes every week, the blonde must sit in a beauty shop while peroxide is applied to her locks."

Next to the constant care required of a middle aged woman trying to keep young, the most tiresome task known by modern beauties is the job of being blonde.

"There are no absolutely natural blondes over 20 years of age," said one of the best known American beauty experts and designer of new coiffures. "No matter how towheaded a blonde is in her childhood and adolescence, her hair grows darker as she grows older, and she must constantly touch it up, if she wants to keep it clear gold."

And now that nature is smiling on platinum blondes the lot of the fair-haired girl is still less to be envied. Every two weeks, least, and sometimes every week, the blonde must sit in a beauty shop while peroxide is applied to her locks.

The brunette who wants to be a blonde has even a harder job. First she must spend every other day of two weeks having her hair bleached to the blonde shade necessary. Conservative shops refuse to bleach brunettes in one sitting. The reason for this is that the strength of peroxide necessitated is so strong it would ruin the hair.

The brunette's hair is often ruined anyway, in the platinum process. The moment a quarter-inch of the black hair grows out it must be touched up by extra strong peroxide. In no time the brunette may expect her hair to be as dry and brittle as straw.

Facials are another treatment that, like the dope habit, are easy to keep up when once started. The method of giving each facial is about the same.

Take the bleaching facial. The operator cleanses the skin with cream which contains the oil of sheeps' wool. Then she attaches an electrode from an electric machine to your arm, which might remind you pleasantly of the electric chair.

Then the operator writes the operator clamps the opposite electrode, and proceeds for 15 minutes to massage your face with her hands. The electric current is set up, producing a tingling sensation and, on sensitive places like the back of the neck, a slight shock.

For 20 minutes the operator massages the face while the patron relaxes. Then the electric current is taken away and she begins to rub skinfold all over the face. Next she removes the excess of that acid put on a bleaching pack of lemon juice or peroxide mixed with cornmeal, which is left on for 15 minutes.

Finally, somewhat red and smarting the patron is allowed to come up for air. The operator applies a vanishing cream, rouge, lipstick and eyebrow pencil, and sends her on her way. The joker in this is that it takes a course of five or six facials to get a woman noticeably lighter. And if she has a tendency to stay yellow or freckle easily, regular treatments about once every two weeks must be given to keep her fair.

From Sheep's Back to Man's Back in 130 Minutes

British Wool Men Cut the American Record for Speed in Half by Turning Raw Wool Into a Suit of Clothes in 3 Hours 20½ Minutes—Then Next Day Beat Their Own Record by Another Hour and 10½ Minutes

LONDON, November 20.

THE OTHER day twelve sheep stood in a shed, at Batley, Yorkshire, covered with the usual dirty gray wool as it appears on the living animal.

Within two hours and ten minutes that wool had been sheared, sorted, washed, dried, carded, condensed, spun, woven, shrunk, dyed, cut, tailored, sewed and pressed into a suit of clothes to the measure of J. H. Thomas, Secretary of State for the Dominions.

This beats a previous "sheep to garment" world's record of three hours, twenty and a half minutes, made the day before in the same place, and completely eclipsed the American record of six hours and ten minutes made in Pennsylvania by Thomas Kitson, in 1896.

The feat was done to advertise the Imperial Wool Industry Fair at Bradford, but it had an even greater significance. It seemed to answer a great national question. England, slugging under the deleterious taxation and a depression that has increased steadily since the war, has been told that she must speed up and modernize her industries to equal those of America if she would ever see prosperity again. The question was whether it was possible for the phlegmatic Englishman to move as fast as the nervous Yankee. John Bull might be more thorough but he doubted if it was in him to hustle like Uncle Sam. Sir Malcolm Campbell, 1914 British automobile racer, has proved that it is possible at least in his own case and goes around exhorting his countrymen to speed up and beat the world. It was Sir Malcolm who brought that old American record to the attention of the Fair management and persuaded England to go after it.

The first new record was made by the wool manufacturing mill of J. T. & F. Taylor, Ltd., of Batley. They collaborated with Prices, Ltd., who are large manufacturing tailors of Leeds. At 8:48 in the morning five champion sheep-shearers, who had come up specially from Shropshire and Buckshire, were introduced to two sheep that had been peacefully waiting in a temporary pen, erected in the wool-washing department of the Taylor's Frank Road Mills. A penkeeper shouted "Go!" The startled sheep found themselves thrown down and shears passing over them with unheard of speed. In seven and one-half minutes the last of the ten sheep stood naked and unshorn in the interest of industry.

But long before this, the wool was being picked up as it fell, and was thrown in handfuls on a broad table nearby. There it was spread out and clutched hands scratched out of it more than enough to make the suit. In all about 20 pounds went to the wash bowls where a fast and furious washing process removed the oil and dirt that the sheep had been accumulating since the last shearing. From the wash bowls one-half of the wool moved only a short distance to be dyed in a special dye vat. This portion was for what is called the warp of the cloth. The other half, which was to remain undyed, was for the weft. The two, combined on the loom, would turn into a brown herringbone pattern, all wool. Sorting the wool added four minutes to the seven and a half consumed in shearing and the washing took longer than either, eight minutes. The drying process added another five minutes. The wool for the warp, not being dyed, got in and out of the carding and condensing process before that of the weft which added another twenty minutes before it was done.

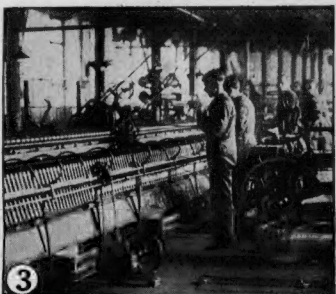
From the condensing both warp and weft wool, "bobbing" as it is called, went to the male spinners where both the dyed and the undyed were spun into woolen thread, wound on bobbins. The warp bobbins were taken to the warping mill to be wound on the beam and the weft bobbins, with the dyed



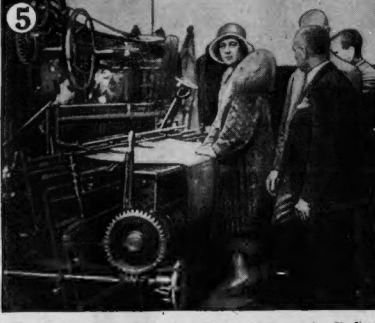
2—Next the Wool Was Sorted, Washed, Dried, Carded and Condensed, and Half of It Dyed, Which Took in All 37 Minutes. Photograph Shows the Dyeing Vat.



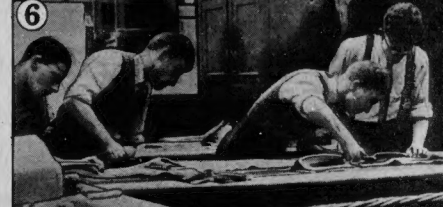
1—The First Step—Shearers and Their Helpers Waiting for the Word "Go" to Cut the Wool From the Sheep. They Were Shorn in 7½ Minutes.



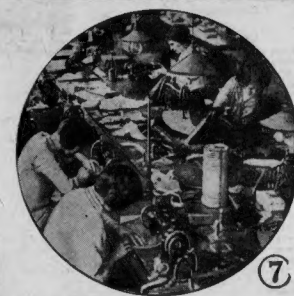
3—Both Dyed and Undyed Wool Was Then Spun into Woolen Thread Wound on Bobbins, Which Took 20 Minutes.



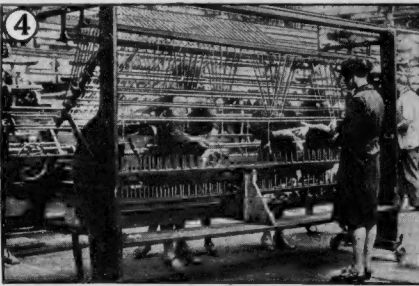
5—After That the Loom Was Set in Motion and Turned Out Six Yards of Cloth 60 Inches Wide in 24 Minutes. Other Manipulations of the Wool Added 48½ Minutes.



6—When the Cloth Arrived at the Tailor Shop, the Cutters Took 4 Minutes to Do Their Job.



7—Sewing, Button Stitching and Other Details Consumed 31½ Minutes More.



4—Next Came the Warping and the Tying of the Threads of the "Weft" to the Warp, Which Took 26 Minutes.

thread, were carried to the loom where they were joined by the undyed half on the warp beam. This took 20 minutes.

Nimble-fingered women who had been waiting nervously now proceeded to warp it. This consists of tying the threads. They tied 1,200 threads to the warp beam in 26 minutes and stopped back for a smoke. They had done their part. Immediately Miss Jennie Smith, champion weaver of the mill, set the loom in motion and turned out about six yards of cloth, sixty inches wide, in twenty-four minutes.

Jennie had done her bit and now reached for a smoke as she watched her work pounced upon by others who examined it, accented it, milled, centered, shrunk, cropped it and did various other things to it until when they were done, it was only about four yards long and fifty-six inches wide. The various manipulations after the weaving added 48½ minutes. The woolen mill's part of the job was now finished, and its employees cheered the precious cloth as it was carried out to a waiting truck, where, under the eye of Lady Campbell, wife of Sir Malcolm, and chief judge or "scrutinizer," it was conveyed to the tailoring concern at Leeds.

That establishment was on its toes with 35 pairs of skilled hands waiting

to finish converting what had only minutes before, been the carcass of a sheep, into a finished suit of clothes for an important British dignitary.

With hardly a word the work was done, going through 25 different processes. First the cloth was spread upon the cutting table, where eight expert cutters, working from patterns, had the cloth cut into sections in just four minutes. The moment they stopped hands snatched from all directions, and away went those pieces of cloth to the waiting machinists. Three girls took the pockets, two took charge of the linings, another dealt with the sleeves, still another with the collar, while another crew attacked the vest and trousers.

The various pieces of cloth were junked from one process to another, going stitching, back-stitching, button-holing, button-sewing, steaming and pressing.

The cloth arrived at the factory at 11:48 a. m. and was off the cutting table at 1:32. All the other work was done within a radius of sixty feet of that table but a small army of runners was kept busy saving precious fractions of seconds as the pieces of cloth flew from hand to hand and finally flustered together into three garments.

At 12:13 the coat was ready for the insertion of the sleeves, which took exactly two minutes to go in, and at 12:17 the buttonholing was under way. Long before the coat was done the vest and trousers lay all pressed, immaculate and perfect. At last, after thirty-seven and a half furious minutes, the coat was also complete and, without a wrinkle, joined the vest and trousers.

Deducting the time of transportation from the woolen mill at Batley to the tailor shop at Leeds, the net working time from sheep's back to completed garments offered success in cutting down the time from 3 hours, 20½ minutes, or 200½ minutes, to 2 hours 10 minutes, or 130 minutes.

But John Croxiter & Sons, of Milnburg, Huddersfield, a rival woolen house, offered to beat that providing some tailoring concern would cooperate as well as Prices had done. Messrs. Prices took them on the offer.

They succeeded in cutting down the time from 3 hours, 20½ minutes, or 200½ minutes, to 2 hours 10 minutes, or 130 minutes.

Twelve Southdown sheep were used and shorn by six Derbyshire shearers. They had the wool off the animals' backs in 5 minutes, thus beating the previous day's record by 2½ minutes.



9—And Here Is the Complete Suit From Sheep's Back to Man's Back in 200½ Minutes—And Next Day They Beat This Record by 1 Hour 10½ Minutes.

minutes instead of 24, and the other manipulations which had taken 48½ minutes the day before were cut to 22½ minutes.

All these operations consumed 100½ minutes as against 168 minutes the day before.

The tailoring which had taken 37½ minutes the previous day was done on the second day in 29½ minutes—a saving of 8 minutes.

This best the previous day's record by 1 hour, 10½ minutes, or 70½ minutes.

The Dominion's Secretary has promised to wear both suits on his tour of Canada and the Canadians will have a

chance to see how well those lightning jobs fit. Whether they fit or not Mr. Thomas can probably say that they are the two most costly woolen suits in the world. Nobody has cared to reckon up what it cost the woolen mills and tailoring concern in wages and overhead to give up an entire day to producing just two suits of clothes. The United States has a very high tariff to keep out those English woolen goods, which, for some reason, American mills have difficulty in equalling. But America has always been in speed and quantity production and it will be surprising if before long, some big American woolen mill, collaborating with a big clothing manufacturer, does not make an attempt to take that sheep's-back-to-man's-back record away from John Bull.

Police Court Revelations Like Scenes from Comic Opera

Judge Sprague Makes His Pretty Court Clerk His Sweetheart and She Collects the Fines, Distributes the Money Around, and the Judge and the Clerk Then Are Arrested—but His Honor Is Found Not Guilty



Judge William R. Sprague, the Magistrate of the Police Court at Portsmouth, Ohio.

CASEY AS A JUDGE.

(From the Copyrighted Monologue Recited by the Columbia Phonograph Co.)

"Order in the court." (Rap—rap—rap.) "Order in the court. What's the first case now, this morning?"

"The first case, Your Honor, is a case of—"

"Beer?"

"No, no, no, no, No, Your Honor. A case of petty larceny."

"Petty larceny?"

"No, no, No, Your Honor, petty larceny."

"What's that?"

"Small theft, Your Honor."

"I don't care how small the thief is, I want to see the man. Bring him in till I have a look at him. What's that young man been doing?"

"Your Honor, this young man is under arrest, charged with picking pockets."

"Aha—ahem. A most bloodthirsty crime. What's your name, young man?"

"My name is Smith."

"Your name is Smith. What's your business?"

"I'm a locksmith."

"Aha. If I lack Smith, the locksmith, up—that would be a good job. Aha. Ain't you ashamed of yourself going around not satisfied with your legitimate trade of picking locks? Now you want to go around picking pockets—picking pick—pick pocket—pick pocket—Well, whatever you did, the Court finds you guilty of picking in the first degree and fines you two dollars and a jail."

"I've only got two dollars, Your Honor."

"Two dollars! Where did you get that?"

"Got it out of a fellow's pocket in the crowd."

"You did, did you? Here, put this fellow back into the crowd until he pinches half a dollar more. Put him back."

—

NOW the differences between

"Judge Casey," the comedian's

imaginary police court magis-

trate, and the goings on in the police

court of Judge William R. Sprague,

magistrate of the Municipal Court in

Portsmouth, Ohio, is that what hap-

pened in Judge Sprague's court

was no joke. "Judge Casey" levied

fines on malefactors and the money

went into the public treasury. But

Judge Sprague found himself accused

of assessing fines on the culprits

brought before him and putting the

money in his own pocket.

This is not a very easy thing for

a judge to do. As many automobilists

know, the culprit does not pay his fine

to the judge but to the clerk of the

court, who gives him a receipt, proving

that the prisoner has bought his

freedom. When Judge Sprague was

appointed in 1921, he found a court

clerk on the job who collected the fines

and came dribbling in by fives and

tens and twos. And there was a deputy

clerk, Marguerite Clark, an innocent

little maid, hardly sixteen, with big

black eyes and even bigger reverence

for lawyers and especially judges. If

there was anyone greater than this

judge she had never seen him.

Then one day, after the court closed,

he invited her to hop into his car and

run out with him to his camping lodge,

nestled in a wooded hillside some dis-

tance from Portsmouth. Marguerite

supposed that she would find the

judge's wife and children out there,

but to her surprise the lodge was

empty. The girl knew she was doing

the very thing that her judge had al-

ways been so stern in dealing with

when such cases came before him.

Miss Clark remembered that and

yet this man was a judge, knew every-

thing about what was right and wrong

and so it must be all right. And then,

when the judge began to make love to

her in a most unfatherly manner she

accepted his explanation of why it was

all right for them to love but not in

ordinary cases. She agreed with him

that there was a most exceptional love,

but that she must not tell anyone be-

cause others might not understand.

Their clandestine love went on in that

campy love nest and occasionally else-

where for a year or two uneventfully

and then the judge promoted Mar-

guerite from deputy to full clerk of the

court.

Immediately the careless comic

opera plot thickened. Besides the love

interest there now appeared a money

interest. Marguerite says that as soon

as she was in charge of the court's

The Judge's Reputed "Love Nest" in a Grove Near Portsmouth.

love for the magistrate so that one day

she informed him that she was about

to marry a young lawyer, Cecil D.

Tidd. She says that the judge gave

her his blessing, tapped the court till

for another \$500 in exchange for an-

other of his checks and she went away

on her vacation to Cleveland.

But such was the power of this first

man in the girl's life that when he

called her on the long distance she

yielded to his urgings to take her vaca-

tion in New York with him. There they

registered as man and wife under

assumed names, she says, at an expen-

sive New York hotel. There were gay

parties and they went to high-priced

shows and night clubs for a few days.

Then they had to go back to Port-

smouth again, with only \$30 left of that

\$500 she says was taken from the fine

Judge Sprague had levied on the cul-

prits in his court. The judge denied

he took the money, and testified he

borrowed \$300 from a gambler to

finance the trip.

The "provers," "dips," "moll bus-

ness," "drunks," "wagon-bouncers,"

"walk-obstructors" and others who had

contributed to the court money-tilt

were astonished to hear of Marguerite's

assertion that they had been financing

a love-trip for the judge who fined

them and the pretty clerk of the court

who took their money.

Miss Clark finally married Tidd, the

judge made them a wedding present

and wished them both happiness, but

he showed his good will in a peculiar

way. Some seven months after the

marriage, the voice of a strange

woman told Tidd on the telephone that

his bride was with Judge Sprague in

that same old love nest to which they

had been going for years. Tidd did

not believe it but the voice said:

"Don't be a fool, just because you

are a husband. Go out there right

now and see for yourself."

Just to prove the woman on the tele-

phone was wrong, Tidd took his friend

Herman Havecotte along and caught

the pair in such a compromising situ-

ation that he says there was no pretense

of explanation. In disgust the husband

left his wife to his rival and for ten

days would have nothing to do with

her.

But love is a queer thing and seems

to be growing queerer. Tidd was not

very angry at his wife for her indi-

viduality but mostly at the judge and

threatened an allegation of affection

suit. When Sprague hastily settled

the \$1,500 there it became known,

Tidd took his wife back. Incidentally

that \$1,500 settled the whole affair

between the judge and his clerk and

exposed it to the public eye. Just after

he had paid that \$1,500, C. W. Booth,

the State Examiner, turned up and

Judge Sprague was unable to make up

a shortage of \$2,115 on time.

After it had been discovered, Mar-

guerite says that he managed somehow

to place the money in her hands but

it was too late. Someone had embed-

ded picks in the funds and must be pun-

ished. The next thing Mrs. Marguerite

Clark Tidd says that her lover begged

her to take the blame on account of

his wife and his children at college,

promising to give her \$10,000 as soon

as he closed a deal on some oil prop-

erty and meanwhile he would see that

there would be no publicity and that

she would not be punished in any way.

The next thing Mrs. Marguerite

Clark Tidd knew she was indicted for

embezzlement and being tried. Still

she thought her managerial love would

get her out of it, but when she was

tried and convicted, Marguerite woke

up, became very mad and told the au-

thorities an earful. This caused her

sentence to be suspended and Judge

Sprague to be tried on the same charge.

In his trial she repeated her story

again. It was her story and she stuck

to it. Also, as it turned out, she was

stuck with it because the jury did not

believe her and discharged the judge.

In his defense Judge Sprague's

lawyers introduced some new comi-

dians which made his courtroom seem

more like the last act of a slapstick

farce. It now turned out that Judge

Sprague's Municipal Court was a sort

of combination vaudeville and tramp's

Christmas tree. According to the testi-

mony, not only was the judge good for

a few dollars any time out of the

treasury in return for his check or

I. O. U., but so was most any other

worthless person, even the convicted

criminal. If the prisoner did not

have the money for his fine he could

hand Marguerite a watch, ring or most

anything he had in his pockets.

Instead of looking the jewelry over

with a magnifying glass and a mean,

\$100 cash bill and an I. O. U. for the

balance. In these cases she gave an

"unofficial" receipt. But, alas! trust-

ing Marguerite found that criminals

are not always honest. Many of them

forgot to redeem their jewelry and

some of the "gold" turned a suspicious

green.

When these dubious tricksters began

to fill up her cash drawer the clerk

decided to get rid of them and could

think of no nicer way than to give

them to her friends in the court. Ed-

ward McManaway, a friend of the

clerk, admitted that she had given him

a cameo ring and a watch. He displayed

the ring to the jury with a bland smile

and said he had given the watch to his

brother. Besides these favors he fre-

quently got loans from the court's cash

in return for his I. O. U. Asked if he

did not think this was wrong, he

replied:

"Why, no. Everybody was doing it."

This raised a merry laugh, but City

Manager C. A. Harrell would not see

the humor in this buffoonery in a

court of the city and suspended Bailiff

McManaway for 60 days without pay

on charges of conduct unbecoming an

officer.

It was also revealed that John Good-

man, a former patrolman, had been

presented with a ring which had been

deposited as a security by some crook.

Willard Cox, another lucky friend of

the court clerk, had been given a

fifteen-jeweled watch which had been

deposited by a prisoner, the clerk ad-

mitted.

Policeman Goodman was called to

the witness stand, and said he knew

it was deposited as security for a fine

which had not been paid, nevertheless

Goodman cheerfully announced that he

considered the ring his property if it

was deposited by a prisoner, the clerk ad-

mitted.

This comic opera situation amused

everybody—Judge fines prisoner, pris-

oner puts up ring as security for cash

to pay the fine, never comes back with

the cash to redeem the ring, ring of

Del Monte PEACHES

At less than half what they cost you in 1920. Yet the same luscious, sun-ripened fruit—the very pick of the world's finest peach orchards.



Del Monte PINEAPPLE

Lowest price in years. But the same high quality you've always known. Packed 4 ways—Sliced, Crushed, Diced and Tidbits. Sun-ripened, selected fruit in every can.



If hit-or-miss buying could bring you this same assurance~

would millions of housewives prefer this label, year after year?



Del Monte ASPARAGUS

The very best asparagus it's possible to grow and pack. Long Spears in the large No. 2½ Square can. Tips in the smaller No. 1 Square and Picnic sizes. Different diameters of spears, too—for different needs. Also Salad Points—dainty morsels for soups, cocktails, salads, etc.

Not likely, is it? Millions of women don't insist on *one* brand—unless they are mighty sure it brings them greater value.

Yet millions of women *do* insist on DEL MONTE. Year after year, more women call for DEL MONTE—and more good grocers sell DEL MONTE—than any other line of canned fruits and vegetables in the world.

That's something worth remembering—particularly in these days when everybody is offering "bargains" and when "low prices" might tempt you into hit-or-miss buying of unknown brands.

Low prices alone don't make bargains. It's the quality that goes with the low price that counts. And when you ask for DEL MONTE, you know—beyond the shadow of a doubt—that the quality is there. You know that DEL MONTE couldn't afford to risk its standing as America's leading brand of canned foods, by bringing you anything but the very best.

DEL MONTE Products themselves are lower in price right now than they have been in years. But with those low prices goes a *known* quality—a

guarantee of quality that covers most of the canned foods you serve most often.

And remember, too, if your grocer hasn't DEL MONTE, there is sure to be some grocer close by who has. The kind of grocer who's out to serve your interests first. Let him supply you. Then you'll be sure of getting the quality and flavor you want—full value for your money—every time you buy canned foods!

Under the quality assurance of the DEL MONTE label, you will find almost all of your canned food needs. *Fruits*—Apricots, Berries, Cherries, Figs, Fresh Prunes, Fruit Salad, Grapefruit, Peaches, Pears, Pineapple, etc. *Vegetables*—Asparagus, Beets, Corn, Peas, Spinach, String Beans, Tomatoes, etc. *Also*—Tomato Juice, Tomato Sauce, Salmon, Sardines, Tuna, Dried Fruits, Raisins, Coffee, etc.



Del Monte CORN

For a brand new enjoyment of corn, just try the new Whole Kernel pack. Separate, individual kernels, in a light brine that brings out their fresh garden flavor. Ideal to sauté or serve as you prepare corn from the cob. Also the familiar Cream Style, rich and creamy.

Del Monte COFFEE

*Fresh, of course! DEL MONTE's super-vacuum pack takes care of that. But even more important—a flavor that's worth keeping fresh! A modern flavor, that comes from modern, scientific blending and roasting. In short—the finer flavor you'd naturally expect under this famous brand. Don't fail to try it. Make any comparison you want. See if DEL MONTE isn't far ahead of any coffee you ever tasted!



LOWEST PRICES in years

WATCH GROCERS WINDOWS AND LOCAL PAPERS

Little Edith, That Pitiful Child Who Lived in a Closet

And Other Instances of Neglect and Cruelty of Helpless Little Ones, Some of Which Outmatch the Recent and Almost Unbelievable Revelations of Poor Edith's Misery



But Now Little Edith Has Emerged From Her Dismal Closet Prison, and in Her Hospital Cot Is Bewildered to Find Another World Where There Is Kindness Instead of Cruelty, Sunshine Instead of Darkness, Food in Abundance Instead of Scarcity, and Toys and Fruits and Flowers Which Her Starved Existence Had Never Dreamed Of.

EVERYBODY who reads newspapers throughout the length and breadth of the country has been shocked at the revelations by the police of Washington, D. C., who recently rescued little Edith Riley from her dark, unventilated, filthy closet, where she had been kept for four years like a dog in a kennel. Lester N. Riley, the child's father, and Mrs. Riley, the unfortunate little one's step-mother, will have to answer to the authorities for their reported neglect and cruelties.

Poor Edith is twelve years old, but her broken legs, pipe-stem arms and emaciated body weigh only half what a normal child should weigh. In her dismal closet prison the child was found without a toy or a mattress to sleep on. When she was removed to the hospital, the nurse was startled to find that Edith did not know how to climb into the crib. Tears came to the eyes of the nurse as she realized the significance of this.

As Edith's fifteen-year-old brother Frank and twenty-year-old sister Louisa have revealed the life of that unfortunate child, the details have seemed unbelievable. How could any civilized human being treat a helpless little one as they declared Edith was treated? And yet history has many cases which parallel these facts, and some of which are even worse.

Charles Dickens in *Nicholas Nickleby* drew the pathetic picture of Smike, the abused child in the boarding school of the infamous Squeers. Dickens' novel aroused public opinion in England of his day and put an end to the wretched private schools where inconvenient children were gotten rid of by parents who did not want to be bothered with them. But only last year a modern Squeers was found in London, and the abominable school broken up and the head of the institution sent to jail.

In this instance it was the Mervale High School, and the head of the establishment was a woman, Mrs. Eliza Pearn. The school had a very attractive exterior, but within there was misery and neglect for the children. Little Joyce Budd was placed in the school and the child's mother exclaimed that she was not so anxious to have her child educated as she was to make sure of her health and happiness for the next year or two. Mrs. Pearn assured her that, though she had a more competent staff, she personally never left anything to anyone else. Yet hardly a month later, when the child was lying in a dirty room in a bed too short for her, and with a fever of 101 degrees, this same head mistress, who "never left anything to anyone else," instead of calling a doctor, went to see a home care at Epworth Down. It happened that Mrs. Budd, the child's mother, called up Mrs. Pearn that evening to inquire about little Joyce, and the head mistress assured her that the child was happy and well. Four days later the child was dead, from starvation and lack of medical care.

In the testimony at the trial of this modern Mrs. Squeers, it was shown that the place was incredibly dirty, the

children were suffering from various deadly diseases, that medical attention was refused and one mother who happened in unexpectedly found her child in an almost dying condition, testified:

"I went down to the kitchen, and all I could find was one egg and horribly stale bread."

In another English court case developed the story of a father who deliberately severed both wrists of his own stepdaughter as a punishment to his wife who had left him for his abuse. The nurse who took care of the poor five-year-old stepdaughter Agnes was in a classroom, and told the teacher her mother wanted her. Leading the unsuspecting little one to his home, the man brought her into the front room, took her out of a door and, standing her in front of the fireplace, cut off both of her hands at the wrists and flung them under the table. The child's screams attracted the police who found the girl pressing the stumps of her wrists to a rug which saved her from bleeding to death. And in sentencing the stepfather, the judge said:

"The story of your offense is the most shocking to which I have ever listened. A cold, calculated, fiendish attempt to be avenged on your wife through this unfortunate little girl."

"I am afraid that no punishment that I can inflict upon you is adequate. There is a maximum I can give, and I will. You will go to penal servitude for life."

A few years ago a country-wide investigation of professional baby adopters was made in England, and many shocking instances of cruelty to helplessly "unwanted" children were disclosed. The baby doctors did not stop at murder. As the result of the investigation and the wide-spread indignation that followed, a number of these human monsters were convicted and sentenced to jail.

It was revealed that a favorite means of disposing of adopted charges was to throw the little ones to catch sewer-crawls from exposure. The children were actually fed and kept in clean surroundings, but that investigation was puzzled at first by the high death rate. The doctor-in-charge, it was finally learned, would take the infant for an airing in the yard dressed in a single flannel garment. The child would naturally catch a cold which was allowed to develop into bronchitis or pneumonia. A doctor, summoned at the last minute, would write a certificate of natural death and for a long time no suspicion was raised. The fee was \$100 per \$1,000 for each child adopted.

When the "baby racket" was at its exposed, several of the proprietors of the baby farms paid with their lives. Such and Walters were women who made a practice of adopting children for various runs and then making away with them. The fee was \$100 per \$1,000 for each child adopted. James and Wallis, man and woman, were also caught and sentenced to death. The Wallis woman smothered one child in

a railroad car shortly after receiving it, so much in a hurry was she to get rid of the little one.

But England is not the only place where incredible cruelties are inflicted on children. The court records and the files of the children's societies throughout the United States reveal hundreds of cases.

The faint cry of a child was heard coming from the cellar of the house at No. 104 Marlborough Road, Syracuse, N. Y. Again and again the pitiful sound reached the ears of neighbors. The child's screams attracted the police who found the girl pressing the stumps of her wrists to a rug which saved her from bleeding to death. And in sentencing the stepfather, the judge said:

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Photograph of Edith Riley, Showing Her Emaciated Legs and Pipe-stem Arms, and in the Little Sleeveless Shift She Wore in Her Closet Prison. The Stockings Were Provided in the Gallinger Hospital, Where She Was Taken.

and in many a rough roof. The door and sides of the abandoned sty were covered with slats, so the sty was a real prison.

Here Julia had lived for ten years. She remembered no other world. Bits of food were tossed into the sty through the wooden bars. At night, sometimes, kindly neighbors brought her milk and remnants from their own tables. For clothing, she wore what ever rags were thrown into the pen. She had never had a bath other than rainwater provided in runoff.

Her father and stepmother had four other children who were well provided for. Julia could watch them at play through the side of the sty, but could never join them. Occasionally they teased her as youngsters will tease any unimpaired animal.

The poor child, although thirteen years old, had the body and mentality of a four-year-old. Of course she had never been to school and could neither read nor write. She did not even know



When the Police-woman Called at the Riley Home the Step-mother Was Out. A Search Finally Revealed a Closet Door Leading Out of the Bathroom, Forcing the Lock, a Ray of Light Revealed the Shrunken Form of a Child Reeking Languidly in the Corner on a Blanket. There Was no Window, no Light, no Ventilation. On the Floor Was a Pan of Water. The Child Looked Its Eyes Like an Owl in a Dark Cave When a Ray of Light Drenched It.

what to do with a piece of chewing gum when it was offered to her by neighbors. She could barely talk and understood nothing vaguely.

Julia's mother's excuse for keeping the child in the sty was that as an infant it had been tubercular and a menace to the other children.

When Julia was taken to the city hospital for the first time she had a bath, sat at a table to eat and went to rest in a bed with sheets and covers.

And for the first time she had a kitten to fondle and play with.

Occasions frequently arise when parents are forced to consider turning a child over to some public institution or allowing it go into a private home. Many parents dislike the idea of having their child in an institution, and hope that its prospects and conduct will be better in a private home. And thus it is that the record of the children's societies shows many cases of cruelties at the hands of those who adopted children.

In many instances it turned out that the child was adopted for the purpose of making it a domestic slave, and in others for immoral purposes, while in still other instances the reason seemed to be that the person who adopted the little one wanted a helpless human being who could be tortured and abused. A case that illustrates the latter with which children are so full of pity is that of an advertisement in a religious paper offering "a good Christian home" was adopted by a woman of independent means living in or near Worcester. For a time the child was

in a public home, and when a man and a woman, who were well provided for, adopted the child, they found it to be a domestic slave, and in others for immoral purposes, while in still other instances the reason seemed to be that the person who adopted the little one wanted a helpless human being who could be tortured and abused.

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Police Photograph of the Human Statue Which Was in Reality Mme. de Mordillac. Her Murdered Body Was Encased in a Shell of Silicate and Plaster, Skillfully Applied by the Sculptor Fenouil. This Photograph Was Taken from Below, in Order to Show the Right Arm, Where Bertillon's Hammer Blows Caused the Outer Shell to Peel Off, Thus Revealing the Embalmed Body of the Sculptor's Victim.

By H. Ashton-Wolfe
Former Assistant of the Famous Dr. Bertillon, of the Surete (French Detective Police)

CHAPTER IX. (Continued from Last Sunday)

I HAD almost finished my work for the day and was busy classifying some photographs of forgeries my assistant had brought when the shrill whirr of the bell above my desk caused me to start and upset the orderly pile. A glance at the index board showed me that the call came from M. Dufresne, chief of the Surete. At the same instant my old friend Inspector Rousseau came bustling into the room.

"A new case, I think, mon vieux," he cried. "Since Bertillon will not be back until tomorrow, we shall have to take charge. Better come at once, Dufresne is waiting."

"Have you any idea what it's about?" I queried, following my colleague down the long, ill-lit passage.

"Something about a missing woman, I gathered. The husband is in the office now. Here we are—"

Opposite the Surete chief, his face white as chalk, with tousled hair and untidy, dusty clothes, sat the well-known painter, de Mordillac, whose wonderful portrait of Rumania's queen had created such a sensation at the Autumn exhibition. I recognized the man at once despite his woebegone appearance, for his picture had been in all the papers on the occasion of his marriage to the beautiful Swedish dancer Gertrude Onsdag, only a year before. Obviously something terrible had happened to cause this man, whose luck had become proverbial, to seek the assistance of the police.

"Gone—vanished, monsieur!" he was shouting hoarsely as we came in; "I shall go mad—if I do not find some explanation," and he pressed both hands to his temples as though he hoped thus to still the wildly throbbing arteries. "Will you describe exactly what occurred, especially what your wife was doing when you saw her last, and give me some idea of the position of your house and the various rooms? Did you go out last night?"

"Yes. I had a dinner appointment with some friends—bohemians of the old time—and since Gertrude, my wife, does not like such people, I had not even suggested that she should accompany me. I intended to leave home about seven and she had arranged to dine alone and to work at some clothes for the poor; she is intensely interested in numerous charities. I remember that when I wished her good-bye she remarked jokingly, 'I know you'll not return before dawn, and you'll probably be tipsy, so don't come to my room.' That was a wilful exaggeration, of course, although it is true that wine flows freely at these gatherings. I usually return early, however."

"So you saw her last at seven? What time did you actually get back?"

"About four, and—I admit to my shame that I was probably not quite sober. Not wishing to wake my wife I threw myself fully dressed on the divan in the studio. The first intimation I had that all was not right was when the maid Gisele, awoke me at ten. She had brought a tray with coffee and rolls for two, but when she perceived I was alone, she said: 'Shall I keep the

coffee hot, sir? Is Madame coming home to breakfast?"

"Although I was still drowsy, the queer words naturally startled me.

"'Coming home!' I cried. 'What do you mean, Gisele? Madame is in her bedroom.'"

"Oh, no, sir, I've just come from there. The door has not been opened and my mistress is nowhere in the house."

"Well, of course, I jumped up and immediately began a search from cellar to garret. It was as the girl had stated—my wife's bed had not been touched; the clothes at which she had worked lay where they had fallen, and what is so terrible, monsieur, all her shoes, outdoor clothes and cloaks are in their places—"

"How was she dressed when you went out at seven?"

"Just a silk dressing gown and slippers. I found a lace wrap she had over her shoulders lying on the stairs. No other sign, nothing to show when she left the house or why. It was then I remembered that the front door had seemed to open very easily when I inserted the key."

"You mean it was open?"

"Yes—I think so now—but I was fuddled and paid no heed at the time. Oh, that house; a curse lies on it," and de Mordillac raised his arm with a tragic gesture. "Once before, in my father's youth, his cousins, Marie and Jeanne de Mordillac, twin sisters, vanished as mysteriously. The tale runs that they were spirited away from their room in the night, and a month later their bodies were discovered in the tiny artificial lake in the garden. How they met their end was never ascertained. There is a legend in our family that once every hundred years a woman living under the Mordillac roof must fall a victim to the curse, to die mysteriously—"

Dufresne held up his hand and his voice was stern as he said:

"If you really believe the disappearance of your wife to be due to supernatural intervention, you surely are wasting my time and yours by coming here. We can cope with the tangible evil of this earth, but not with that of the spirit world. What has an old family superstition to do with open doors? You'll find, I fancy, that this is

Secrets of the Surete, The

Mr. H. Ashton-Wolfe, Formerly of the
How Modern Science
and Gives Details
graphs of the

LABORATOIRE
de
POLICE TECHNIQUE



Photograph of the Flies Preserved in the Paris Police Laboratory—the Quar Case Which Led Dr. Bertillon to Discover the Incredible Solution of the Disappearance of Mme. de Mordillac.

PREFECTURE DE POLICE
LABORATOIRE
DE POLICE
TECHNIQUE
SURETE



Gertrude Onsdag, Later Madame de Mordillac, from a Painting by Her Husband. Her Delicate Coloring and Clear Cameo Features Caused the Sculptor Fenouil to Fall in Love With Her.

a case for the Surete and not for the church. However—"

"I beg your pardon, Monsieur Dufresne—I'm half mad—why—why should my wife, who loved me, vanish suddenly—without a word—?"

"That precisely is what we have to discover. You are sure she had not—you'll pardon me—a liking for some other man—no—you'd be the last to know about it anyway. An enemy then?"

"Enemies, yes—we all have them. There is, for instance, a disappointed suitor, Lieutenant Marcel Valbonne. My wife is very, very beautiful. She was, as you know, on the stage once, and naturally enough much sought after. She used to be very friendly with Valbonne before she met me, and there was, I believe, some talk of an engagement. When our betrothal was announced the fellow waited outside my club one night and—tried to provoke me into fighting him. The man is a bully and a noted duellist. When he failed in this he swore to kill us both. I know he has never forgotten nor forgiven her, for I have encountered him prowling about the woods near Pierrefonds; I've even seen him loitering in the vicinity of my house."

"Ah—and you suspect Valbonne of having abducted your wife—but how?"

"I cannot say—he may have known she was alone last night."

"But surely, with servants in the house and

THE methods of modern science, developed in the fields of medicine, agriculture, and now being applied to the in the police laboratories of France and Germany have been revealed from time to time to read Weekly.

Mr. H. Ashton-Wolfe, recently Assistant Lyons (France) Police Laboratory, and for many years with Dr. Bertillon, of the Paris Surete (French), perhaps the greatest of all modern scientific opens the records of the Paris Detective Bureau.

traffic always on the roads, he could not have dragged away a strong, healthy woman without being seen? Are the grounds extensive?"

"Not very; much has been sold. There is a garden of half an acre surrounded by a high wall; the tiny lake I mentioned, and a summer house at the far end. The gate is usually locked but I cannot swear it was locked last night."

"Very well, I will have a look at the place. Have you really no theory to offer other than the suggestion that a well known officer of your family broke into your house because his infatuation for your wife was such that he determined to abduct her? Well now, does it not sound preposterous? Having abducted her in the heart of a civilized country, what could he do with her? One cannot keep a grown woman a prisoner long without some one finding it out."

The cold, concise speech caused the unhappy man to drop his head in his hands again and for a time he sat thus, rocking to and fro and uttering agonized groans.

"I know, I know," he cried at last, "but what else can you suggest? If my wife had left the house of her free will, surely she would have dressed for the street."

Instead of replying, Dufresne made an almost imperceptible sign to Rousseau, who at once bustled forward and began to talk soothingly.

de Mordillac, who his chief gave orders to various departments. Then, soon as the poor wretch was somewhat recovered he escorted him to the door.

"Expect me in an hour and be good cheer, monsieur," the Surete chief called after him, touched by the hopeless expression on his face. Alone again, he dropped his formal manners and sat for some minutes thoughtfully tapping the desk with a pencil.

"If the woman really went out in a dressing gown—but did she? Noting to prove she had

not premeditated her flight and prepared clothes and shoes of which her husband knew nothing. Well, we shall see. Get your lenses and camera and join me in the courtyard. Rousseau—drive us; we must hurry or it will be dark before we reach the place."

The difficulty of our task became very apparent when, with the sun already topping the spreading trees of the spacious garden, we last drew up at the gates. Pierrefonds, the stately manor of the aristocratic family of which Jacques de Mordillac was the last male descendant, had suffered much during the revolution and many parts were very dilapidated.

"That stout iron-studded door could never have been forced without rousing the servants," Dufresne muttered, gazing helplessly about him. "Nor is it likely anyone but an expert burglar could have picked the lock."

"I shouldn't like to try it," Rousseau exclaimed. "These modern safety locks with complicated tumblers and barrels are the very devil. Besides, what about the kennels by the house? Mordillac did not mention them, but it's evident he keeps several watchdogs loose in the grounds at night."

"Yes—I must ask about that. Well—let us go in."

The house itself was a gloomy, rambling place, with overmuch oak panelling, massive smoke-blackened rafters, and huge fireplaces.



Jacques Fenouil, the Well-Known Paris Sculptor, Whose Infatuation for Mme. de Mordillac Developed Into Monomania and Drove Him to Murder.

Police Laboratory Micro-Photograph of the Formaldehyde Vapor Globules on the Dead Flies Which Led Bertillon to the True Solution of the Mystery.

French Detective Police

Police Laboratories of France, Explains Scientific Methods Unravel Baffling Crimes Files of Remarkable Cases, With Photo-Evidence from Official Records

ped so marvelously industry and else detection of crime many and England, ers of the American

stant Investigator, any years associated (sh Detective Police), se detectives, again bureau and shows by

further examples how the unerring instruments of science often uncover the most carefully concealed trails and make clear the most baffling mysteries.

"The stories which I have selected for this series can be found in the official records, only one or two details having been rearranged in order to avoid giving pain and reopening old wounds," Mr. Ashton-Wolfe writes.

"I have myself taken part either in the investigation or the final trials of the criminals. Several of the cases I have specially selected because of the ingenuity displayed both by the law-breakers and the investigators."

Even the room to which the grief stricken husband led us at once, and which, as a heap of clothes and a needlework basket on a couch attested, was that in which his wife had last been seen, resembled a small council chamber rather than a lady's boudoir. Rousseau drew his chief aside and pointed to a gaping hood above the wide hearth.

"However impregnable the doors and windows may be, a man could have hidden there with ease," he suggested. "Perhaps we'll find a trace of his presence in the dust or the ashes."

A close search failed to reveal the least sign of this, however, and Dufresne turned to the painter with ill concealed impatience.

"You forgot to tell us of the dogs in the garden. It seems to me their presence definitely disposes of your theory that the lady was abducted. She must have left the house on a sudden impulse. Did you notice anything strange in her manner lately; any appearance of mental trouble I mean?"

"Gertrude has always been thoughtful and sad, like all her race. She had a definite strain of melancholy, amounting almost to mania, which at times led her to avoid the society of human beings. I may be wrong, but I have always had the feeling that a secret sorrow weighed heavily on her mind; since she did not confide in me, however, I forbore to question her. Yet I cannot believe that this trouble, whatever it was, would have driven her suddenly to leave me—without a word. If you will not promise to interrogate that devil Valbonne in order to discover where he has hidden her, I shall do so myself, pistol in hand, and Heaven help him if I find him right."

"To question him at this stage would be foolish, and serve only to make our task more difficult," Dufresne replied angrily. "But I shall certainly set a watch on the man. Remember, he is an officer and a gentleman and I cannot believe he had anything to do with your wife's absence. Meanwhile disturb nothing in this room. Monsieur Bertillon returns to Paris in a day or two—he will no doubt wish to examine the premises also."

"Then you can give me no hope—nothing? For Heaven's sake what do you think has happened to my poor Gertrude?"

"Honestly, monsieur, I am convinced that for some unknown reason your wife was compelled, without warning, to leave you, but of her own free will. You'll probably have news in a day or two; that she was terribly agitated at the time, the open door proves. The alternative is that she went out in obedience to an irrational impulse and is wandering somewhere now in a semi-dazed condition. Could you—can any husband—swear that he knows every particle of clothing his wife possesses? You think all her shoes and dresses are there, but—"

M. Dufresne shrugged his shoulders. The gesture roused de Mordillac to sudden furious anger.

"Your reasoning is absurd sir—absurd! If, as you suggest, my poor wife had clothes of which I knew nothing, where then is the dressing gown and where are the slippers?"

At this moment Rousseau, seeing the man's eyes flash dangerously, stepped into the breach and whispered a few words that I did not catch. Dufresne nodded and with a curt salute walked to the car.

Rousseau at once seized my arm and dragged me into the garden.

"If only Bertillon were here," he complained. "For a police raid there is no man like Dufresne, but it is hopeless to expect subtle analysis from him."

"We are in charge now—what in this case, mon vieux, would the great man have done?" "It is hard to say," I replied. "The first question undoubtedly is, Has a crime been committed at all? Dufresne may not be so far wrong as you think. I suggest we carefully search the house and grounds in the morning as soon as it is light enough. Look at that poor devil of a husband peeing up and down over there—he at any rate appears convinced the woman has been ab-

ducted for a sinister purpose. I'll have a chat with Durand, the theatrical agent; he books all the 'stars' and will be able to tell me something about Madame de Mordillac, once Gertrude Onsdag, the dancer. He is always to be found at the Thespis Club after seven. I suggest you go to headquarters and get Valbonne's record and meet me at ten at the Globe Tavern."

It was nearly eleven, however, before Rousseau turned up, and I saw at once by the queer twist of his mouth that he had news.

"A bottle of Volnay," he called to the waiter, dropping into a seat beside me, and, when he had swallowed two glasses of the ruby liquid in quick succession, began:

"Well, Mordillac was not so crazy after all—this cavalierman, Valbonne, has a bad reputation. Since he returned from Africa his amorous engagements have been so numerous that they have definitely prevented him from getting three pips. A wild record. The fellow would stick at nothing. He was stationed at Versailles until last year—but he obtained permission to be shifted to Compiegne, and the date coincides with the return of Mordillac and his young bride from their honeymoon. Pierrefonds is not half an hour's gallop from Compiegne. I interviewed the old lady who keeps the house where Valbonne is billeted; he hardly ever sleeps in his bed. He has a hunting lodge in the forest and spends all his time there. Just now he is on leave; what do you say to a run out to Compiegne? Strike while the iron is hot, eh? What have you discovered?"

"Very little, except that the dancer before her marriage had a legion of admirers dangling from apr ribbons, and Valbonne was one. Fenouil, the famous sculptor, was another. They fought a duel over the girl and Valbonne got a bullet through his right shoulder. Durand says Gertrude Onsdag married only because she was scared to death by the suicide of Count Braglio, who shot himself on board the ship which brought her to France.

Durand was present once, it seems, when Valbonne forced his way into the dancer's dressing room and swore by all the saints to kill her and whoever tried to take her from him. It was that caused the duel, for Fenouil, who seems to be a strong chap, threw the mad officer neck and crop down the stairs."

"H-m-m—you see—there is something in it after all. Are you game?"

For answer I ordered the waiter to prepare some sandwiches and a flask of brandy, and thus armed against the chill of the night climbed into the car beside my colleague.

"You can reach his little bit of preserved land from the national highway," Rousseau suddenly said, apropos of nothing. From the moment he had slipped into top gear and heard his tires purr shrilly as they bit into the smooth, broad highway leading to Compiegne, Rousseau had sunk into a reverie and these were his first words:

"We'll leave the car in a field and climb over the wire fence. I've a police map with me. Count

An uncanny conviction invaded my tense nerves that the silent, white figures all about us were watching our movements, ready to quicken to life and pounce did someone but pronounce the magic word. Hardly knowing what I said, I turned to Bertillon and whispered:

"The sculptor loved Gertrude Mordillac and wished to keep her lovely shape ever near him, so he fashioned that sleeping Eee in her likeness, hoping, like Pygmalion, to breathe life into the cold marble."

Before I could move he had seized a hammer and was

the divisions now, each lot is marked with a letter—Valbonne's is letter R—ah, there it is, and a little bridge opposite as good as any garage—hold tight!"

And with a daring swerve, foot pressing down the clutch, he swung around and stopped the police car in the shadow of a low arch. Ten minutes later we were worming our way through the tangled shrubbery and dodging the hanging branches of trees, until a tiny house of logs, surrounded by a palisade of split trees, loomed up darkly. A gleam of yellow light filtered through the cracks of a loose shutter, and from the back came a thudding of hoofs.

"He's at home," Rousseau whispered. "What luck! Careful now—if the reports are true, Valbonne would shoot first and argue afterwards. We are trespassers and quite in the wrong."

"What do you expect to find?" I queried, my lips close to his ear. Rousseau pressed my arm in reply, pulling me to my knees as the door opened abruptly and a tall, muscular figure in breeches and shirt appeared in the opening. A moment the man stood motionless, scrutinizing the shadows, then he reached behind him, swung a gun across his back, and with a sharp command to the spaniel which had followed from the house, turned and disappeared in the opposite direction from our hiding place. Rousseau gave him ten minutes, then he rose and prepared to slip across the tiny clearing.

"I'll stop here and watch," I said quickly. "There are plenty of owls in the trees, so I'll hoot—once for danger, three calls pressing danger." Rousseau merely grunted in reply, and a minute later I caught a glimpse of his squat shape at the window. One glance only he appeared to give, then he was back, his breath whistling sharply.

"There's someone in there—I caught sight of a woman's hat on a chair and I'm sure I heard a

rainbow blow after blow on one of the arms. A white shining shell cracked and rolled to the floor, and beneath, dull, livid, but glistening strangely in the light of our torches, was an arm of flesh and blood.

"You are a Bertillon whispered, astounded, 'the monstrous fantasy of a madman. He killed the woman, embalmed the body and contemplated it with some mixture of his own, siltate and cynicism, I fancy. It is hard and smooth as marble. The body has been dipped in a bitumen varnish also, after the manner of the Egyptian embalmers. Could a more fantastically clever scheme be conceived?"

groan that seemed to come from an inner room. Dare we risk it?"

As if in answer, the boom of a shotgun split the silence, followed by a whistle and the crashing of a heavy body through the bushes. At the same moment a lantern flashed from behind the house and a man's voice called, "Valbonne, where are you? Eve brought..." The last word was muffled and inarticulate and I could have sworn that a hand had been clasped over the speaker's mouth. Almost at once Valbonne himself came running and for a second we had a view of several dark shapes grouped around the entrance, then the door slammed and we were in utter gloom again.

We waited with pounding hearts, wondering what our next move should be. The newcomers might be simply friends from neighboring hunting lodges, although their actions had been queer. In any case our unauthorized presence there could only lead to trouble, and if Valbonne and his unknown callers were engaged in some criminal enterprise we could do nothing without a warrant. Suddenly the door opened once more and someone cried sharply: "Out Diana, out—watch the house!"

We ran for it then, hands outstretched for guidance; one or several dogs had been unleashed, and only flight would save us from detection. Rousseau had already dropped over the fence into the road and was running towards our car, when he spun around, hands outflung.

"Listen!" he cried, and again "Listen!" A long, horrible wail had vibrated on the night; a bitter rending cry of pain, but it was impossible to say if human or that of an animal.

"We must return to headquarters," Rousseau growled, "and rouse Dufresne. He'll give us a warrant so that we can raid this place in the



Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.

CHAPTER XII.

A Perplexing Angle.



OR a moment
Simmons and
Godfrey and I
went over the
pictures of the
Walter Challe.
My first
glance at the
told me that
Challe was
much more of
a personality
than I had
imagined. It did
not look in the least like a
callous, profane,
was virile and dominant, dark
eyes, round ones, with high cheek-
bones and eyes widely spaced. I
felt a pang of envy as I looked
at it, for here evidently was
a man who had not only a
husband but never would. Godfrey
had been right in calling him
fascinating.

"But where did you get this?"
I asked.

"A bunch of them had been
mailed in to him from the pho-
tographers," Godfrey explained.
"I mean who had not only
showed them to us and Simmons

"Are you, going to use it?"

"Yes, yes, we will give him a check. He must certainly see the head line about Verity tomorrow."

"The head line of newspaper, if he is in the level, he will try to get into tea with Miss Verity tomorrow night. He will turn up or men heard from by that time we will go after him."

"Yes, yes, you know," I nodded.

"If he goes to the house our men will be there. He will get the message. If he is late, to phone, the wire tapped."

"Yes," I asked the question which blistered my tongue to ask, but when I could hold back no

to go. "What makes you think Ma-
dame Carnevalli knows anything
about him?"

"I don't know," she looked when
Miss Verity said that she and
Challie were engaged to be mar-
ried. But one notice it was
not true. "I don't know," she
was very near the surface. Car-
nevalli saw it and seemed quite
pleased. "I don't know," she
was after it would turn her
"I don't know," she was after it

"I don't make any sense out
of it," she said.

"Neither do I," agreed God-
frey, cheerfully. "But perhaps
you can find out something
about the case. Surely you don't
not know Miss Verity looked
when Madame Carnevalli did
when the man in gray was
in the car. I was quite agitated."
"She was quite a nice woman,"
he said.

"I don't know if it was
true. You seem to think that
Miss Verity is a very nice girl.
I don't think so. Her diabolical
trick me as being just a trifle

"I know, I know," broke in twelfth, impatiently. "Just one more thing. I don't want to be accused of anything. It occurred to you that, perhaps, he hadn't wanted to let her proceed in something she hadn't foreseen." I have checked up on that, too. It was a mistake.

"Checked up on him?" I looked at him.

"There is something about the man I don't like. Something about his eyes—they are like a cat's. They seem to seem to me he caught a hint of something very much like fear in me. I don't know if it is true, but it could do no harm to check up on him. I am almost sure."

"I don't think I thought I meant a 'yes' I find out if he was right or wrong. I don't think I can take place in a matter of fact like that," said Carneghi, and then he turned to me and said, "I was there then from about three-thirty to four forty. Moreover, Brown was quite well known in the antique trade, and even in business circles. I don't know if it is true, but it could do no harm to check up on him."

more our man in Florence called me that the Carnes had "shop in" at the address given, that it was a large and important business, and that there was a "big" man there. It was told that the head of the firm was in America. So that was all.

"I don't like Carnes," I said. I recalled the *seren* in the library when I was in the "big" man's office. I had noticed the police. "But that is hardly enough to make me suspicious," I said.

"Well, he seems to be a person toward whom the other people," Godfrey replied. "Verity was killed just in time to prevent his signing the new will of the Carnes family. It is a very important matter. If it is not, the murderers must have known that you were coming to look for the Carnes. They would be signed immediately you had stayed it. But very few people know that Carnes is the head of the firm."

**"Of course
I smile.
Luck
—they're**

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"Of course I sn

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And that's a ve

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phone wrapper

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 Ina Claire
acknowledged
stage—now
100! Here she
Chanel crea
Goldwyn's
Had A W

"He said he did not know it was a will," said Godfrey, "and he brought up a little in the room." In the second place, the murderer was on the ground. How many persons were on the street at that time? It was the Carnival; was one of them. Finally he was known to Verity and to me, and that was a very important point.

"Why?" I asked.

"Because there was no sign of violence, and the light in the room was disturbed or upset. Do you had been no struggle. Do you admit a stranger, or anyone he had any reason to distrust, to come into the room and take hold of the man's arm, without, without putting up a fight?"

"He couldn't have put up a fight," Verity pointed out.

"He could scarcely have done so," I said.

"He was all right from the first up. He wouldn't let have his arm taken from him. He was kneeling, smiling up at the person

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xies**

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roast"

oke Luckies—
y did. They're
—you don't
microphone.
y neat little
"new Cello-
"

Clair

wasn't content with being an
ed ruler of the American
she's capturing Hollywood,
is one of those stunning
in the wars in Samuel
production, "The Greeks
For It," a United

who was getting ready to kill him. That was a nice point of Han-ten—about the alibi.”

“Yes. I had noticed it too. I said, ‘But I would point out one thing—everything you have said about Carnival applies with equal force to Chunder. He knew about the will, he was on the ground, Verity expected him, and all that—even to the alibi.’”

Calicura SOAP
MEDICAL

FORM the habit of
for regular daily toilet
properties which soothe and
against skin troubles.

Soap Zc. Ointment Zc. and 50c. Talcum
ical Corp., Malden, Mass.

Try the new Calicura

"Precisely," agreed Godfrey. "And his alibi appears to be all right, too. There seems to be no doubt that he was in his office on Fifth Avenue from three o'clock ~~am~~—unless all his employees are liars."

"And there we are," broke in Simmonds, who had listened in

(Continued on Page 18)

Cuticura Soap
as Well as Cleanses the Skin

FORM the habit of using **Cuticura Soap**
for regular daily toilet use. It contains medicinal
properties which soothe and heal and are a protection
against skin troubles.

Soap Box, Cuticura Cream, 25c. and 50c. Talcon 25c. Proprietors: Potter Drug & Chemical Corp., Canton, Mass.

Try the new Cuticura Shaving Cream.

**"Of course
I smoke
Luckies
—they're kind to
my throat"**

"Of course I smoke Luckies—I thought everybody did. They're kind to my throat—you don't hear them in the microphone. **And that's a very neat little handle on your new Cellophane wrapper."**

La Claire

★ Is Miss Claire's Statement Paid

For?
You may be interested in knowing that not one cent was paid to Miss Claire to make the above statement. Miss Claire has been a smoker of LUCKY STRIKE cigarettes for 5 years. We hope the publicity here given will be as beneficial to her and to Samuel Goldwyn and United Artists, her producers, as her endorsement of LUCKIES is to you and to the public.

YOUR SAME VICKS...NOW
IN WHITE *Stainless* FORM

...Only the Color
is Removed

In the familiar amber or the new white, stain-free form . . . it's the same dependable Vicks. Same formula . . . same dependable double action that has made it the preferred treatment for colds in three out of four American homes.

Don't "dose" colds except on your Doctor's Advice

NEW... Try



VICKS
Nose & Throat
DROPS

For Children's "Sniffles"

When the kiddies come in sniffing and sneezing . . . don't wait: a few drops of this remarkable new Vick's formula up the nostrils. Designed especially for the nose and throat—where most colds start. Used in time, many colds can be avoided altogether.

Made of the finest tobaccos — The Cream of many Crops — LUCKY STRIKE alone offers the throat protection of the exclusive "TOASTING" Process which includes the use of modern Ultra Violet Rays — the process that expels certain harsh, biting irritants naturally present in every tobacco leaf. These expelled irritants are not present in your LUCKY STRIKE. *"They're out — so they can't be in!"* No wonder LUCKIES are always kind to your throat.

"It's toasted"

Your Throat Protection—against irritation—against cough

And Moisture-Proof Cellophane Keeps that "Toasted" Flavor Ever Fresh

TUNE IN ON LUCKY STRIKE; 60 modern minutes with the world's finest dance orchestras and Walter Winchell, whose gossip of today becomes the news of tomorrow every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday evening over N. B. C. networks.

**MOISTURE-PROOF
CELLOPHANE**
Sealed Tight—Ever Right
The Unique Humidor Package
Zip—And it's open!

See the new notched tab on the top of the package. Hold down one half with your thumb. Tear off the other half. Simple. Quick. Zip! That's all. Unique! Wrapped in dust-proof, moisture-proof, germ-proof Cellophane. Clean, protected, neat, FRESH! — what could be more modern than LUCKIES' improved Humidor package — so easy to open! Ladies — the LUCKY TAB is — your finger nail protection.

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Reduced Price

just in time for Christmas

Sunkist Jr. *Electric*

JUICE EXTRACTOR

2 Christmas Bargains offered by Sunkist

- 1 Golden, juice-laden Sunkist California oranges . . . a bountiful supply at especially moderate prices.
- 2 The Sunkist Jr. *Electric* Juice Extractor—was \$14.95 . . . now exactly the same model is only \$11.95.

This is the new "Gift Model" Sunkist Jr.

A beautiful de luxe model, just the thing for a Christmas gift, which will be used and remembered for years to come. \$13.75. The regular "Utility Model," finished in harmonious gray with opal glass bowl, now only \$11.95.



Millions want this gift

SQUEEZING orange juice for each member of the family used to be a slow, tedious task. But no more! Now Sunkist Jr. does it *electrically* with record speed and ease . . . a whole quart of juice in two or three quick minutes.

Therefore, the daily usefulness and beauty of this gift will thrill any woman—or man, too, for that matter. In the twinkling of an eye it provides all the juice you want, for any use—the daily glasses of health . . . for flavoring purposes . . . or for punches . . . or other mixed delights. And the convenience and satisfaction this gift brings will last every day of the year for years to come.

Lowest price in history

Hundreds of thousands of people have the regular model Sunkist Jr. in their homes. Ask them what they think of it. You will find that they could never get along without it. Now you can obtain the more beautiful, greatly improved new "Gift Model" at an unheard of low

price—far lower than the price at which the regular model has ever sold for in the past.

An iron-clad guarantee

Our only purpose in selling Sunkist Jrs. is to make them available as a *service* to consumers of Sunkist oranges and lemons. *We make no profit on them.* But you can see that we would defeat our very purpose, and we could not put our valued name SUNKIST on them unless they were of the very highest quality and would give absolute satisfaction. We can absolutely guarantee them for every home use.

A gift that saves money every day

We want users of Sunkist California oranges and lemons to get greatest value from them. Therefore the Sunkist Jr. is made to get more juice from each orange or lemon. And it does. It gets far more juice than you can by hand. For instance nine oranges give you about as

much juice as twelve oranges squeezed by hand. *Saves effort.* Just cut the oranges in half, press against the revolving reamer . . . Zip . . . Zip . . . and the juice pours into the glass. Electricity does all the work—and for about a penny a month. Think of it! *Most easily cleaned.* Merely lift off the glass bowl, flush under a faucet . . . and it is **CLEAN**. There are no crevices; it's perfectly smooth. It is far easier to clean than any hand reamer.

Where to buy

Sunkist Jr. Electric Extractors are sold by electric companies, department stores, electrical dealers, hardware and housefurnishing stores. Goto your nearest dealer and see them now. Stocks of the new, deluxe "Gift Model" will go quickly. If your dealer is unable to supply you, send your order and check direct to us.

California Fruit Growers Exchange, Dept. of Fresh Fruit Drinks, 902 N. Franklin St., Chicago.



Ask Your Doctor about the health value of fresh orange juice

Nutritional research has established these facts regarding oranges (and lemons):

They contain large amounts of Vitamins A and C. They aid in the prevention of acidosis of both the acetone and acid-ash types. They aid digestion by stimulating appetites. There is also experimental evidence that they tend to arrest tooth decay, gum troubles and pyorrhea and help increase resistance to other infections. Some authorities recommend two full size (8 oz.) glasses daily of fresh orange juice with the juice of half a lemon in each—even when you eat liberal amounts of vegetables and other fruits.

Good Time By James Wedgwood Drawbell

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.

CHAPTER I. Peter, Helen, and Julie, a young man and woman, were in the midst of a love affair. Peter, a young man of London, had met Julie, a young woman of London, in a restaurant. They had fallen in love, and were now in the midst of a love affair. Peter, a young man of London, had met Julie, a young woman of London, in a restaurant. They had fallen in love, and were now in the midst of a love affair.

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CHAPTER II. (Continued.)

Party. "Reat heaven, Julie!" Peter exclaimed. "You're looking lovely. You mean to tell me the ticket brokers passed up a chance to make a hay on your play?"

"Yes," she shrugged her shoulders. "They don't think it's got a big chance, evidently, so they've taken no seats."

"But they're wrong. It went well. There was a marvelous reception."

"The usual first-night stuff. Peter, you never can tell."

He said positively, because he believed it. "You're sure they made a big mistake?"

"Maybe you're right. But Julie's tone was hopeless. He tried to rally her: 'Julie, it doesn't matter, anyhow. We've seen plays before make big successes when the ticket brokers considered them a flop. It's just going to be one more of those. In a week's time they'll have discovered their mistake.'"

"I'm a little pessimistic," she confessed.

"You can't keep a good play down," he continued warmly, "or a good actress. Why, Julie, it's one of the best things you've done. Greenbank says the same. And he wrote the play. He ought to know. You're quite wonderful. I bet there's a room about you in the papers tomorrow morning."

She said quietly: "I bet there is."

"Well, why worry? Don't let a little thing like that depress you."

Gus Wallbeck came up with Poppy Thompson, hawking for a drink. May Raymond came over at the same moment.

Gus brought Poppy her drink. She looked at the glass.

"I suppose it'll have to do," and drank it straight off. "Another, Gus, please," she said, handing him the glass.

Peter drifted away toward the window.

"Feel better for that, Poppy?" Julie asked, watching Peter right across the room.

He had difficulty in steering a path through the dancers. Once a woman slipped her arm from her partner's and put it round Peter, and for a moment the three danced together. Others stopped and spoke to him, and he quickly went away again when others stopped and spoke to them, firstly in accident and later by design.

The band stopped as he reached the window.

He heard Tony say: "You know I love you, don't you?"

And Peggy: "Really love?" "Really, really love?"

Peter stood still for a second or two, and then turned and went slowly back to Julie. She



Julie Walked Straight Onwards, Stumbled Against the Low Rail of the Balcony, Uttered No Sound, and Disappeared From His View.

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Peter returned with Helen Smith.

"Oh, Helen must sing!" someone exclaimed.

"Of course!" Julie took her by the hand. "But she's not going to open the show. Let's have something light and easy first of all."

"What about another dance while Julie fixes it up?" Poppy Thompson suggested. She wanted every minute out of the party, especially if she had to work her share of it.

Julie nodded. The band broke into a waltz. Peter, standing near Peggy, glanced at her. Her eyes were on Tony. She seemed to be waiting for him.

"Do you know we haven't danced yet," Peter said quickly, and took her hand.

"It's awfully hot," "Fanny, I thought it was getting cool."

"Peter!" she protested. "It's absolutely stifling in here and mechanically she followed his lead and danced with him. Ordinarily Peter waltzed well. Peggy, after two minutes, she said: 'This crowd makes dancing impossible, doesn't it?'"

"It isn't much fun," "I can't say I had any all that," "You're dancing marvelously," she lied. "But I seem to be a bit heavy tonight."

He couldn't get the words spoken on the balcony out of his mind. "Your eyes look very bright, Peggy."

"Your cheeks were flushed," "I'm excited. That's all," "Why?"

He tightened his grip about her. She seemed to snarl his anxiety and looked up into his face.

"Oh, I don't know. It's just the party, I suppose. You know these things always thrill me."

He said nothing. "And the thought of the cabaret," Peggy added quickly. "I'll be great fun."

"I'd like to cut all this out," said, "and go for a long run in the open air. Get the bus out of the garage and away up the Great North Road."

At any other time Peggy would have responded to the mood. He knew that.

"It's half-past one," she said. "Quite early. The night's young."

"I'd have to change and put on something warmer," "You could do that while I get the car."

"Is it worth it?" "It's a wonderful night. There's a moon. It's all being waited in here. We could go as far as Baldozi and come back for breakfast. Or go right on to Grantham and have breakfast there. A lovely run."

A month ago she would have jumped at the prospect. Two months ago — just before she met him — she would have re-

garded it all as an impossible dream. There would have been a spot of high color in her cheeks, and something in the quiet tenor of her voice would tell him of her enthusiasm and gratitude.

"Are you very keen, Peter?" He laughed shortly. "Don't I sound keen?"

She was neglecting her hair. I don't think so. We've got to leave sometime. I think I'd rather be doing something like that herself than throwing this party."

Peggy made up her mind. "All right. We'll go."

Peter said grimly: "We won't now I mean it to be fun. Not part of your job."

"I'd really love it, Peter," "Let's go back to Julie and see about the cabaret."

He guided her through the crowd, touching her elbow lightly. She looked at him over her shoulder.

"And we're not going!" He shook his head.

"I'm not a slave-driver, Peggy. I don't want to work my secretary, till eleven or eight o'clock in the morning, she said. He left her and wandered away from the noisy crowd round Julie. He saw Tony Walham make straight toward her.

In the lobby Peter met Harry Raymond. He had come on from the Daily Press to join his wife at the party. A copy of his newspaper, just off the machine as he left the office, bulged the outside pocket of his light overcoat.

He pulled the paper out as he greeted Peter.

"What a life!" he grumbled. "Throwing our lives away so that you can read the news in the morning!"

"Poor old man!" Peter laid his arm on his shoulder. "Done to death serving an ungrateful public!"

"That's it!" Raymond lunged up his coat and sighed heavily.

Peter asked quickly: "What's Hardy say about Julie's play?"

Hardy was the dramatic critic of the Press. Raymond frowned and handed the paper to Peter.

"Glad to be said cryptically," "And Julie?"

"Glad to be said cryptically," "And Julie?"

"Glad to be said cryptically," "And Julie?"

"Glad to be said cryptically," "And Julie?"

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"Glad to be said cryptically," "And Julie?"

"Glad to be said cryptically," "And Julie?"

her before to play him up. She won't."

"She's too straightforward for that," "She ought to invite him to her parties," Raymond suggested.

"He took the paper from Peter. 'This isn't going to make good reading at a pleasant family gathering.'"

"Hello, Julie!" She noticed the paper.

(Continued on Page 18)

WHERE WILL YOU FIND ANOTHER JOB AFTER YOU'VE BEEN SICK?

Face the facts. What if you get sick and stayed sick a long time? Payroll, this year, are being trimmed right and left. Not many bosses are able to keep sick men on long. Flu... pneumonia... mastoid operations and many other venereal, sometimes fatal diseases, often begin with a common, ordinary, everyday cold. Any doctor will tell you that.

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Best Dr. Davis's Booklet on Colds, and sample of Duofold Fabric. (FREE)

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Yes, Sir. My Gums are Hard and my Teeth stay White thanks to Ipana!



1. HE WARNED ME ABOUT "PINK TOOTH BRUSH" 2. HE STARTED ME ON IPANA AND MASSAGE... 3. NOW MY TEETH ARE WHITE—MY GUMS HARD

I'm not the kind to worry. And the fact that my gums bleed a little didn't have me worried. But coming down from Buffalo I got to talking to a young fellow on the train. Told me how his gums started bleeding and later he got a good case of gingivitis. "That's one of the little things 'pink tooth brush' can let a man in for!" he said.

He's the one who gave me a tube of Ipana Tooth Paste. "My dentist says the foods we eat nowadays keep our gums about as hard as picnic butter," he said. "Better get after yours. Harden 'em up. Here. Take this Ipana Tooth Paste." And he showed me how he rubbed Ipana into his gums every time he cleaned his teeth. Dentist's orders.

Yes, I do it! Clean my teeth with Ipana twice a day. And each time put a little extra Ipana on the tooth brush and rub it right into my gums. Leave it there. Like the taste of it, and it's sure doing the work. My teeth look a hundred per cent whiter. And my gums are getting as hard as the old biceps!



"Roll Your Own"

A booklet of 24 leaves
of imported RIZLA[®]
cigarette paper at-
tached to each sack

NOW... RIZLA[®] ciga-
rette paper—150
leaves to the book—
5¢

GENUINE

"BULL" DURHAM TOBACCO

NOW **5¢** formerly 8¢

"ROLL Your OWN!"

(Continued from Page 14)

"But look here," objected Simmonds, "where could anybody learn how to break a man's neck?"

"Justice is administered in front of the headman's residence

"There is, as I have said in an earlier chapter, an extreme repugnance among these people to physical mutilation, a repug-

man is dead, death has been instantaneous, and absolutely painless. Certainly there is no evidence of fear or suffering on the face of the dead man. It is placid, almost smiling.

"Well, I'll be hanged!" Simmonds repeated. "I could never have imagined anything like that."
"Neither could I!" I agreed.

give him a few lessons. The he comes back and kills Verity. If you ask me, I certainly think he went to a lot of trouble, to say nothing of the expense. He could have picked up a pistol o

can't follow you this time. In fact, you know as well as I do that it is all tosh. If you have suggested that Verity took a few lessons himself while he was up there in the mountains and

(Continued from Page 16)

the numbers that most people liked. The party sat in a circle round them, on chairs, on cushions on the floor, on each other's knees. The pianist of the jazz band accompanied the

"And see that she gets out of his place before three o'clock in the morning another time," she said quietly.

Julie drew her down beside her on the cushion and in silence they watched the turn to its end.

Julia left the table and walked across the floor. The tap of her high heels was a sacrilege of hubbub in the stillness. They turned shocked, to watch her.

Without reason Peggy called out:—



Deep down in your scalp is an undeveloped growth of hair. Give it a hand—literally! Clogged pores and a tight scalp make it practically impossible for these new hairs to push out, but you can hand-raise them this way—it's so easy:



The nearest druggist sells "Vaseline" Hair Tonic. Barbers everywhere recommend and use it. Two sizes of shaker-top bottles. This is a product of the Chasebrough Mfg. Co., Cons'd, 17 State Street, New York, N. Y.

© Chasebrough Mfg. Co., Cons'd, 1901

Supper After the Game

And this type of "sport supper" as we may call it, is a hospitality occasion informal in nature, and most easy to arrange and serve. Also, seldom

The "sport soper" may be served on the dining table, in the informal dining nook if large enough, on a tea or wheel tray, over a fire, or around the room, buffed table. In each item necessary to serve the menu should have been collected and placed in readiness in

Creamed or Devilled Oysters in
Patty Cases
Plum Pudding with Hard Sauce
Coffee

Supper No. 4
Hot Bouillon in Cups
Hostess Sandwich with Welsh
Rarebit Sauce
Pumpkin Pie or Doughnuts
Coffee

In each of these the hot broth may be prepared within five min-

utes if previously opened from its can and left in a covered double boiler. The mince tarts and potato chips may have been set on the warming shelf of the range or in a covered pan on the kitchen radiator to keep hot. The sauce for the chipped beef may have been made previously and

Pyro-Action
SPARK PLUG
UNITED AMERICAN BOSCH

es?—Stiff Neck?

 I KNEW SLOAN'S
WOULD HELP.
ITS ALWAYS
EASED STIFF
NECK FOR ME

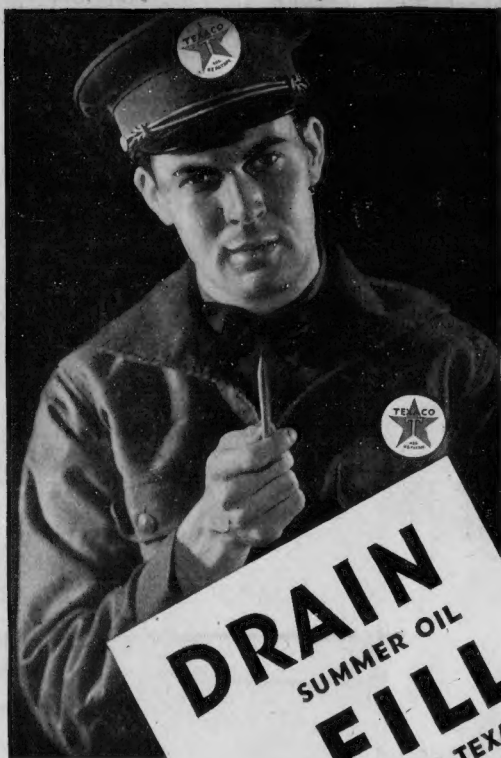


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From now on --

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ON SUMMER GRADE OIL



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"Take my word for it! Cold weather is hard on any engine which still has summer grade oil in the crankcase. You may not notice anything wrong, but you can be sure that from now on summer oil if left in the crankcase will eventually cause the need for bearing adjustments and possibly costly repairs."

Summer oil was never meant for cold weather lubrication. It becomes thick as molasses at the first sign of frost and will



not flow through the thread-like lubrication channels of your engine. Metal grinding against metal is the result. And you know what that can do to your engine.

Before any damage is done—Fill with the correct winter grade of "crack-proof" Texaco, the golden oil that flows at zero. Then listen to the smoother, quieter hum of an engine that is ready today for tomorrow.

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"CRACK-PROOF". LASTS LONGER